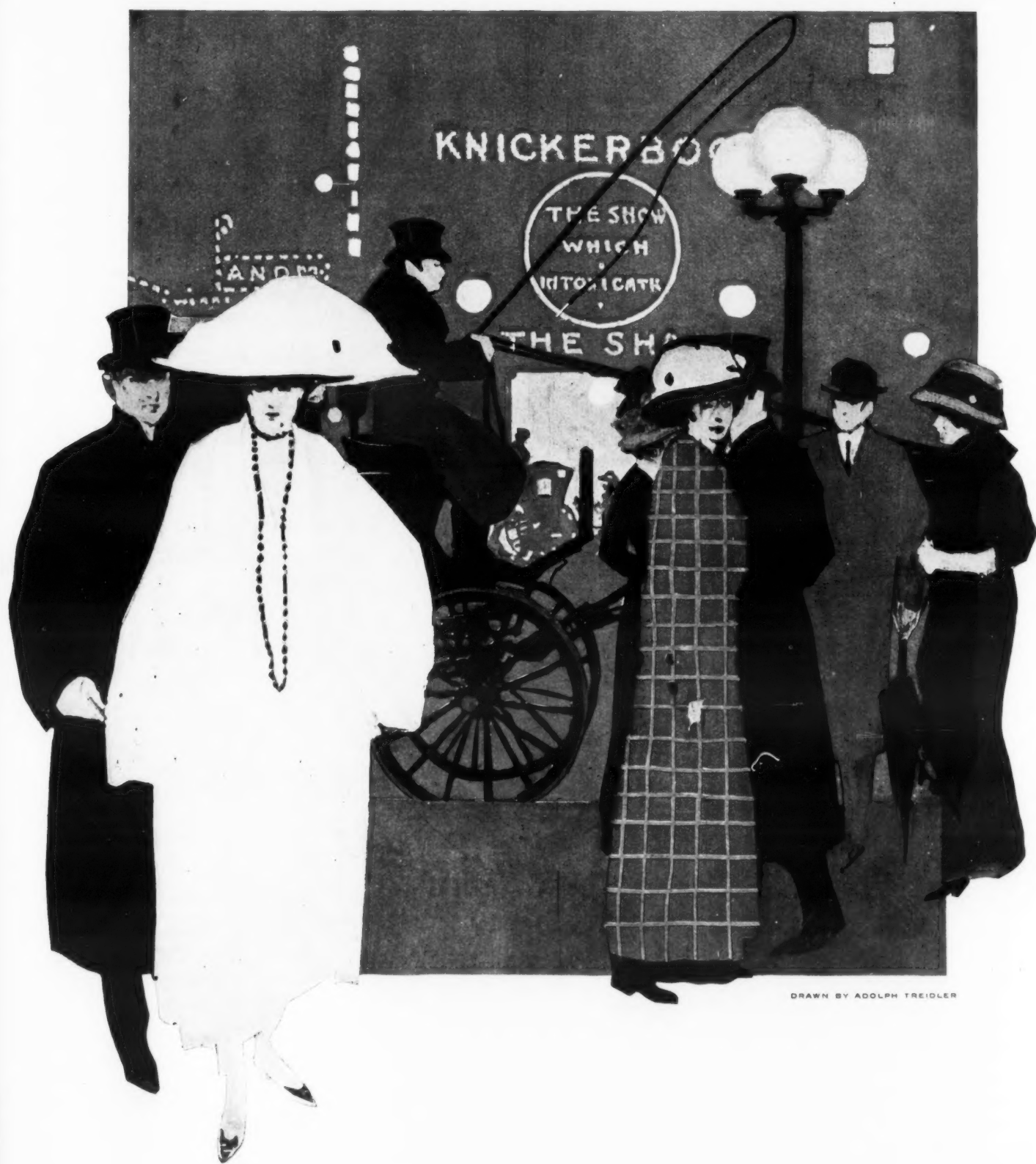


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



DRAWN BY ADOLPH TREIDLER

The Biggest Gun in the World

in Civil War Days



So the newspapers greeted this 20-inch smooth-bore gun when it appeared in 1864. But it never did much harm, because it was too big to handle — something we have experienced since

Send the Coupon

with big guns. The smooth-bore terror of 1864, with its 1080 pound projectile, wouldn't even dent the armor of a battleship of today. This interesting little detail of the Civil War (like so many thousands of others overlooked in the majesty of the whole drama) is recalled by this photograph, taken by Mathew Brady, martyr photographer—one of the 3800 lost since the war; now recovered and contained in the

Photographic History of the Civil War

3800 Photographs A Million Words

The whole ten volumes of the Photographic History of the Civil War are ready. The 3800 photographs, taken by Mathew Brady and others as daring, in the heat of the Civil War, are beautifully reproduced. The modern art of the engraver has brought out each little detail of the long lost negatives. Around the photographs the new, specially written, vivid text appears. It is a master-work—a triumph of the book-making art.

Open the books. You see the days of '61—the First Minnesota volunteers just enlisted, standing, erect and proud beneath their new flag. You see the hopeful Southern recruits drilling in homespun and "jeans."

You see Grant, grim and determined amid the swirl of staff and soldiers, writing the orders that precipitated the carnage of June 2, 1864.

You see battered Sumter, and the Southerners who had seized it two days before; you see the Union cannon hurling death over the slopes of Antietam; you see McClellan holding

his last interview with Lincoln, and Farragut on the Hartford's deck after "Mobile Bay." You see 200,000 men in Blue marching through Washington, and for contrast the smoking ruins of Richmond—the crash of the Confederacy.

You see that mighty war in all its grandeur, and you see it in its intimate details as it never has been shown before. Photographs must tell the truth and you see our war that cost three quarters of a million men as it really was—with all its lessons, its tragedies, its romance and inspiration.

Wanamaker Club Price to be Advanced

Send the Coupon Now and Save Money

We have co-operated with the Review of Reviews Company, Publishers of the Photographic History, so that you can get all these 3800 pictures in the sumptuous ten volumes with the million-word history for one-third what Mathew Brady would have charged you for one photograph—for what the government of the United States paid for only three photographs, and you can pay this small sum in small monthly payments. This is a temporary arrangement soon to close. The Price will advance the day the Club closes. So send the coupon today and make sure to be on time.

FREE 56-Page Book

Send the coupon at once for our big blue and gold book of sumptuous specimen pages from the set—containing large reproductions of 12 of these strange photographs.

At the same time we will send you—also free—the romantic story of Brady, of the taking, loss and rediscovery of the photographs. And we will tell you how to get your set of the Photographic History at the special low Club price and convenient monthly payments.

**JOHN WANAMAKER
NEW YORK**

Call
2-10-12

**JOHN
WANAMAKER
New York**

Send me free your sumptuous 56-page book, containing specimen pages from the Photographic History of the Civil War with reproductions of 12 of the beautiful photographs and the full romantic story of their taking, loss and discovery. At the same time, tell me how I can get a complete set of the Photographic History through your Club at low price and small payments.

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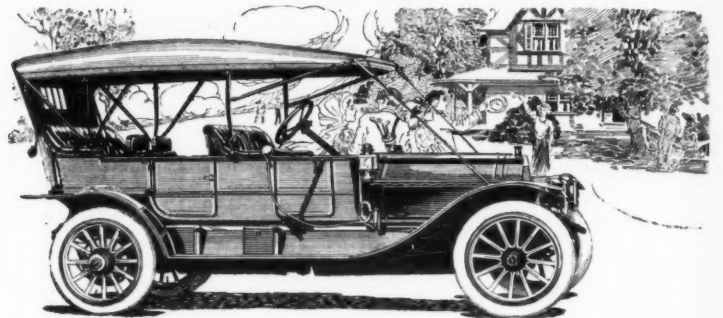
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2

YOU automobile buyers are in two classes; the ones who own cars and have reached their desire for certain things through experience, and the ones who are buying a car for the first time and must depend to a large extent on what others tell them.

An advertisement can't very well appeal to both of these classes, and the fact that so many



experienced drivers are buying Mitchell cars shows that the car itself is the best reason they can have for making this selection.

To the inexperienced man we will say—In a Mitchell car you get simplicity with power—easy to understand; you get speed with perfect safety; you get low cost of operation and long life for the car; you get a handsome appearance and luxurious ease in riding; and most important just now to you—you get careful attention and explanation of everything you don't understand about automobiles both before you buy and afterwards. The Mitchell service is a great help to the beginners.

The new Five Passenger Mitchell-Six is pretty apt to be exactly what you want—the experienced drivers are enthusiastic over this new car . . . Price \$1750

Seven Passenger Mitchell-Six			
Horse Power	60	Cylinders	6
Ignition	Splitdorf dual		
Lubrication	self-contained in crank case		
Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse		
Rear Axle	full floating		
Rims	Standard Universal		
Tires	36 x 4½		
Wheel Base	130 inches		
Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired		
Body	7 passenger, fore doors		
Price equipped, \$2250			

Five Passenger Mitchell-Six			
Horse Power	48	Cylinders	6
Ignition	Splitdorf dual		
Lubrication	self-contained in crank case		
Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse		
Rear Axle	full floating		
Rims	demountable		
Tires	36 x 4		
Wheel Base	125 inches		
Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired		
Body	5 passenger, fore doors		
Price equipped, \$1750			

The four cylinder, five passenger Mitchell, 30-H. P., equipped,	\$1350
The four cylinder, four passenger Mitchell, 30-H. P., equipped,	\$1150
The four cylinder, two passenger Mitchell Runabout, 30-H. P., equipped	\$950

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company
126 Junction Avenue
Racine, Wisconsin

MARK TWAIN

—one of the most beloved of American authors—was a great smoker and very fond of a pipe.



Sooner or later you will smoke a pipe

Sure you will. Some day you'll pack a load of Prince Albert in your jimmy and find out what real pipe-smoke is. And the sooner you do it the more fun you'll have.

That's how P. A. has started millions of men to smoking a pipe steady. In two years it has doubled the number of pipe smokers, made the pipe twice as popular. No tobacco could do that unless it had the goods.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

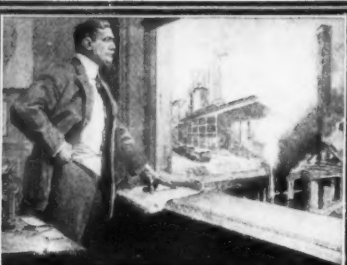
has everything—that is, everything but the old sting and rankness. *P. A. can't bite your tongue.* No matter how long or how hard you go to it. The biter simply isn't there. But the mellowness and rich tobacco fragrance and cool sweetness—say, you just naturally want to keep on smoking one pipe-load after another.

P. A. is made by a patented, exclusive process that takes out the bite and rankness—no other can be like it.

Sold by all live dealers in 10c tins, 5c bags wrapped in weather-proof paper, handy for cigarette smokers, half-pound and pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.





YOU Can Rise to a Position of Power

To hold a position of power you need to know more about your particular business.

The secret of power and success is to **KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT SOMETHING.**

Right along these lines the International Correspondence Schools train men for Positions of Power.

The I. C. S. gives you "concentrated" knowledge—specialized training—that enables you to master easily and quickly everything you need to know to advance.

If you can read and write, the I. C. S. can help you to succeed in the occupation of your own selection. To be convinced of this, just mark and mail the coupon—the I. C. S. will send you detailed information as to just how you can be qualified for promotion.

Marking the coupon involves no obligation on your part—do it now.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 1198, Scranton, Pa.
Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Automobile Running Mine Superintendent Mine Foreman Plumbing, Steam Fitting Concrete Construction Civil Engineer Textile Manufacturing Stationary Engineer Telephone Expert Mechanical Engineer Mechanical Draftsman Architectural Draftsman Electrical Engineer Elec. Lighting Supt. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Civil Service Architect Chemist Languages Commercial English Building Contractor Industrial Designing Commercial Illustrating Window Trimming Show Card Writing Advertising Man Stenographer Bookkeeper Poultry Farming
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Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

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Study the **TULLOSS TOUCH SYSTEM**. Gain speed—accuracy—ease of writing. Spare time study. No interference with regular work. Will bring the speed and the salary of the expert. Tulloss writers are fastest and best paid. Send for our

96-Page Book, Free
It fully describes this fast and accurate method. Filled with new ideas and valuable helps. Tells how high speed is gained—how to avoid errors—what free time work is best—96 pages of vital, helpful facts. Worth dollars to any typewriter user. Sent absolutely free. If you want more speed—more accuracy—more salary—send for this book today—Now.

"Every Finger Trained."
The Tulloss School of Touch Typewriting
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MUSIC LESSONS AT HOME

Paderewski and other great musicians endorse our weekly lessons for home study. Piano, Voice, Cornet, Violin, Harmony, History, etc., for teachers and beginners. Faculty of famous artists. Diplomas granted. Beautiful art catalog with extracts from lessons, terms, etc., free. Write stating whether you wish to study for accomplishment or to teach; age and amount of previous study.

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2485 Monon Block, Chicago, Illinois

Copy This Sketch
You can make big money as an illustrator or cartoonist for newspapers or magazines. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Copy this sketch of President Taft. Let me see what you can do with it. Send it to me with fee in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
1435 Schofield Bldg., CLEVELAND, O.

The University of Chicago
Correspondence-Study Dept.
offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects; others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, etc. Begin any time.
U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.

HOME STUDY
19th Year

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 57

PERSONALLY, I am glad to see that the manufacturers of oleomargarine and butterine are advertising in a national way. Many people believe that these substitutes for butter are harmful, but they cannot tell you why.

They are not only not harmful, but they are wholesome and nutritious, and advertising is bound to overcome the ill-founded prejudice and place them alongside of pure food products where they belong.

The present activity in connection with pure food laws is one of the most important issues of recent years. Our present pure food laws have been of great benefit to the public; they are entitled to this protection.

Advertising, on an increasingly high plane each year, is bound to be one of the great forces for good in connection with the pure food campaign. It enables the average reader to get the truth regarding food products in the simplest way—through the magazines and newspapers.

On the other hand, it enables the honest manufacturer to make known the ingredients of his products and prove their worthiness. It tends to do away with groundless prejudice. Like all other branches of advertising, it means light.

T. B. Patterson
Manager Advertising Department



IF YOU knew what Vanadium Steel really is, if you knew the great significance of the scientific heat-treatment we give to Vanadium Steel; its tremendous importance in motor car construction, you would not buy a motor car built with any other material.

FORD Model T cars are made of Vanadium Steel intelligently heat-treated by original Ford processes.

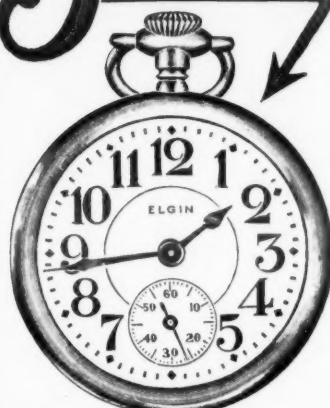
Immediate delivery.

Ford Model T Touring Car, 4 cylinders, 5 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	\$690
Ford Model T Torpedo, 4 cylinders, 2 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	\$590
Ford Model T Commercial Roadster, 4 cylinders, 3 passengers, removable rumble seat, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	\$590
Ford Model T Town Car, (Landaulet), 4 cylinders, 6 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	\$900
Ford Model T Delivery Car, capacity 750 pounds merchandise, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	\$700

Write for booklet, "Ford Factory Facts," and read it before you buy any motor car. Address Department P.

Ford Motor Company
DETROIT.

\$3 AND YOU KEEP THIS 17 JEWEL ELGIN



GUARANTEED 25 YEARS

We want to send you this magnificent 17-jewel, Thin Model 17-Jewel Elgin, fully Adjusted to Temperature, Isochronism, and Three Positions, complete with the double strap gold case, guaranteed twenty-five years on

30 Days' Free Trial!

And if you don't say this is the biggest Elgin Watch value you ever saw, send it back at our expense. If you wish to keep it, the way is easy. Pay us only \$3.00 and the rest in similar amounts each month. No interest, no security, just common honesty among men. We want you to see for yourself that this fine Elgin is better than other Watches, costing twice or three times as much. We trust everybody everywhere, so

Send for Free Catalog

Write us today for particulars, and we will send you our new Watch and Diamond Book and also our Book entitled "Facts vs. Bunc" or all about the Watch business, both at home and abroad. Write today. Do it now and get posted.

HARRIS-GOAR CO. Dept. 369
Kansas City, Mo.
"Largest Watch House in America"



WE SHIP ON APPROVAL

without a cent down. Prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard-of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1912 model bicycles.

Factory Prices or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on this sample bicycle going to your town.

Rider Agents everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory.

TIRE S, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, fenders, repairs and all sundries at half retail prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer. **MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-54, CHICAGO**



10 CENTS A DAY

buy the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. \$65 now—later the price will be \$100. The best typewriter in the world, far exceeds any \$100 machine made. Entire line visible, back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One Free and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter "Mail your Free Offer."

THE PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER CO.
Dept. 52, Union Bank Bldg. PITTSBURGH, PA.

AGENTS—100% Profit

Hundreds are making money selling Novelty Knives. Many styles and sizes. Transparent handles, decorated with secret society emblems, photos, addresses, etc. Hundreds of designs to choose from. Easy sellers. Big profits. Many of our hustlers are making lots of money. We want more like them. Why not you? No experience needed. We teach you how. Exclusive territory. Free samples to successful Agents. Catalog and terms on request. Don't wait—Write quickly—Today.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 240 Bar Street, CANTON, O.

KEITH'S 20 WONDER HOUSES

A New Book of 20 Plans showing photo views as actually built and large floor plans for 20 selected types of Keith's best ideas in Bungalows, Cottages and Houses, costing \$2,500 up. They are Wonder Houses for practical, inexpensive homes. Send silver or stamps. **M. L. KEITH**
489 McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

The BEST Light

Cheapest and best light for homes, stores, factories, churches and public halls. Makes and burns its own gas. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. Cheaper than kerosene. Over 200 styles. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
7-35 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

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Become a Lawyer Legal Diploma

We make your home a university. Leading Correspondence Law Course in America—recognized by resident colleges. New text, specially prepared by 20 Deans and leading univ. law school teachers. We guarantee to coach free any graduate failing to pass bar examination. Special Business Law Course. "Locally trained men always succeed." Over 10,000 students enrolled. Begin now. Easy terms. Catalog and Particulars Free. **La Salle Extension University, Box 7362, Chicago, Ill.**

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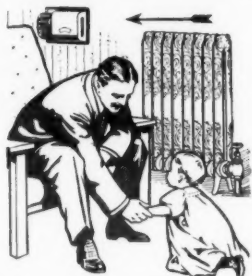
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Commercial Boat
15 to 70 feet in
length, Row Boat
Cabin, Write fo
Catalog

RACINE BOAT

Feb. 10

**All rooms
evenly warm!**



It is one thing to "heat" a house—another to warm it. It may be heated at 85 degrees, and money wasted for excess fuel. But, all rooms held evenly at 70 degrees in coldest weather means a warm home without fuel wastes—and you have that by using an

IDEAL SYLPHON **Regitherm**

for regulating heating boilers and furnaces. It is self-acting and self-contained—no electricity, no water- or air-pressure, no complex machinery; nothing to wear out.

REGITHERM control is very simple. The sensitive regulator (with the "everlasting" Sylphon brass bellows) goes on the wall of living room; you set indicator at any temperature wanted—(60° to 80°). Then keep hands off—the REGITHERM does the rest, day and night all winter, by opening and closing the heater draft and check dampers, as necessary. Rooms never get too cold, nor what you call "hot"—just evenly warm at a healthful degree.

No coal wastes—one winter's economy will pay for a REGITHERM and also save the energy of running down and up cellar stairs to regulate dampers.



Our free booklet "New Heating Aids" fully explains the REGITHERM, also tells about Norwall and Sylphon Valves and Regulators—the better heating they produce, with money and labor saved. Why not write to-day?

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department K CHICAGO
Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators



LUNCH MUFFINS

What a delightfully appetizing Breakfast Dish is a plate of Muffins, just baked to a turn! To get a highly satisfactory result, with richness and rare flavor, use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Mix two cups flour, a pinch of salt and two teaspoonsful baking powder, and mix together twice. Beat two eggs without separating until light; add five tablespoonsful Eagle Brand Condensed Milk diluted with three-fourths cup of water; add this to the flour, together with three ounces of butter, melted. Beat well and bake in greased muffin rings about twenty minutes.



Write for
Borden's Recipe Book.

BORDEN'S
CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 New York

Boats, For Every Requirement



RACINE BOAT COMPANY, 1823 Holborn St., Racine, Wisconsin

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FEBRUARY 10, 1912 SATURDAY
VOL XLVIII NO 21

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS
ROBERT J. COLLIER, President CHARLES E. MINER, Secretary
FRANKLIN COE, Vice President JOHN F. OLTROGGE, Treasurer
416 WEST THIRTIETH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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AN ADVERTISEMENT to Trained Nurses

YOU know Dioxogen by its work. In thousands of cases you have used it with telling effect as a safe germicide. You know how valuable it is as a protection when you are exposed to contagion.

You know how it brings down the temperature of fevered patients.

You know that Dioxogen is indispensable not only in the sick-room—but in households to prevent sickness.—

Spread the gospel of Dioxogen.

Tell your patients of the hundred ways it works for their better health and happiness.



Dioxogen is a germicide—a germ destroyer—not merely an antiseptic. It is absolutely harmless too.

Three Sizes
Small (5 1/2 oz.) - 25c
Medium (10 1/2 oz.) - 50c
Large (20 oz.) - 75c

Dioxogen

98 Front Street New York City



If You Want to Beat the Crowd

you must save
yourself from un-
necessary shock.

Your nerves and your
muscles, your brain
and your whole phys-
ical being are kept
from wasteful jolts
and jars when you
wear

O'Sullivan's HEELS OF New Live Rubber.

They are worn by
hustlers everywhere,
because a hustler
must save his strength
for the big job—not
waste it pounding
hard heels on hard
pavements.

Say "O'Sullivan's" to
your shoemaker, then
get out and walk.
The New Live Rub-
ber with the spring in
it will give you ease
and pleasure in your
progress, and will
make walking a de-
light. You will be
able to do twice as
much work with
much less effort.

At your shoemaker's
50c attached

Mr. Robert J. Collier, the publisher of Collier's, takes pleasure in announcing that he has purchased Mr. Condé Nast's interest in

THE HOUSEKEEPER

a magazine for women, heretofore published by Mr. Collier and Mr. Nast jointly under the name of Collier & Nast, Incorporated. The Housekeeper was established in Minneapolis in 1877 and has attained a national circulation and a large advertising revenue.

Beginning with the March issue, The Housekeeper will be issued by P. F. Collier & Son, Incorporated, from the Collier plant at 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York. No immediate changes are contemplated in subscription price, advertising rate or general policy. Mr. Nast announces that he is retiring from The Housekeeper in order to devote more time to his other publishing interests,—Vogue, House and Garden, Travel, and various trade paper properties.

Colliers



THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MARK HULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

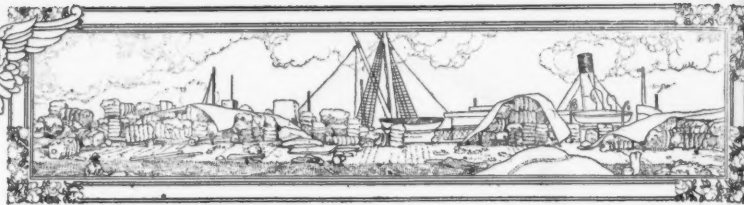
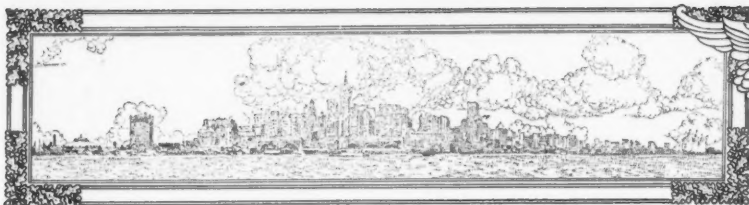
NORMAN HAPGOOD
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



DRAWN BY F. G. COOPER

Under Suspicion



WILL THEY DO IT?

OCCASIONALLY THE PUBLIC interferes in the conduct of its own business. Not in a long time has so unmistakable an expression of the general will been shown as when Mr. WICKERSHAM recommended that Dr. WILEY be treated with "condign punishment." So terrific was the outcry all over the United States that the President, although he insisted on retaining the man who had plotted and manufactured false evidence, nevertheless did not get rid of WILEY himself. The public, whatever else it may submit to, is sick of being cheated and poisoned in its purchases of food and medicine. The moment, therefore, is easy for the amendment of the Pure Food and Drugs Act. The original act was forced through by public opinion, the press, certain members of the House and Senate, and President ROOSEVELT against the earnest efforts of Uncle JOE CANNON and the Old Guard, heavily reinforced by the Proprietary Association of America. The Supreme Court lessened the effect of the act, because the majority of the court honestly thought certain words did not carry the meaning undoubtedly intended by those interested in pure food. Three judges dissented, the powerful dissenting opinion being written by Mr. Justice HUGHES. The Democrats will make a mistake if they think all they have to do this session is so to draw tariff bills as to put the President in a hole. Such "stunts" get more headlines, but quiet citizens by hundreds of thousands gradually take into their systems information about whether a party is doing its regular work properly. Have the Democrats any leaders sufficiently interested in health and the suppression of fraud to seize this opportunity to amend the Pure Food and Drugs Act? The Democrats have a few good leaders, but none too many; they played a cheap game with pensions and public buildings; their record is being watched; they should have sense enough not to arouse the disapproval of intelligent consumers all over the country in a matter of vital interest to millions of families.

POOR OLD LIBERTY

THE EXCELLENT TIMES of personal freedom are passing fast. First, society took away from the physically strongest the rights of nature, and now we are shackling cunning also, harassing the trusts, and even interfering with the barbers. Along comes the Board of Health of New York City and forbids tonsorial parlors to use wood alcohol on the faces of their customers, in the form of hair tonics, lotions, or other applications, while, of course, it also stops the sale of the same economical ingredient in food and medicine. What will the League for Medical Freedom say to this? Is there to be a total end of liberty? Already people are forbidden to organize monopolies, spit in the cars, use roller towels, run about with diphtheria, refuse to have their eyes tested in school, sell cocaine, practice as physicians without knowing the appendix from the cerebellum, or feed Peruna to Indians. What becomes of liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Do we live under a constitution or do we not?

HORRIBLE EXAMPLES

SLANG NOT ONLY BECOMES ENGLISH, but sound English becomes slang. When LANDOR was reading "Aurora Leigh" he wrote to JOHN FORSTER that it was a great poem, "but there are a few flies on its surface." From that it is some distance to the contemporary lyric:

There are no flies on me;
There may be on you
A bushel or two.
There are no flies on me.

So when the poet HENLEY complained "there is a wheel within my head," he little knew what a horrific future his metaphor was to see.

THE ROOSEVELT POSITION

THE ARGUMENT of those believers in Colonel ROOSEVELT who desire his nomination is not difficult to understand, and it includes a comprehension of the Colonel's own position. This argument may be stated thus:

ROOSEVELT is desired by more voters than any other Republican progressive.

He is the only Republican except HUGHES who could run on equal terms against WILSON.

It would be unbecoming in him to seek the nomination, but it is not unbecoming in him to yield to an unmistakable public wish.

His sweeping language in refusing a third term was written in view of what alone was then under discussion—a third consecutive term.

A third term has no dangers. WASHINGTON would have taken one if

he had not been tired. GRANT would have received one if his second term had contained less scandal.

Is there any lack of clearness in this argument?

PHILOSOPHY

DEMOCRACY LIKES EDUCATION. Colonel ROOSEVELT is president of the American Historical Association and has earned the place. Governor WILSON's power, now that he is dealing with current problems, is greatly increased by the direct and indirect resources of his knowledge. If Mayor GAYNOR were younger, he might well, in spite of his vagaries, become a national leader, because his naturally powerful mind is fed constantly from the deepest ancient and modern sources. GAYNOR is probably equaled by no public man in America, now that DOLLIVER is dead, in raciness combined with culture. "I always know," says he, "I am going to have a time of it, and must be patient, when a man with a vocabulary comes to talk with me." GAYNOR himself uses words as simple as those of WORDSWORTH, SWIFT, or FIELDING; words in ordinary use, but extraordinarily well used; and also (to quote what MÉRIMÉE said of TURGENIEFF) never bringing together words that are surprised to meet. Everybody in a democracy seeks both knowledge and intellectual training; hence the furious growth of our great State colleges; hence also the increasing tendency to value in leaders genuine philosophy, strengthened by the best reading, and a style based upon literature and upon long and intimate reflection.

ALSORANDOLPH'S VIRTUE

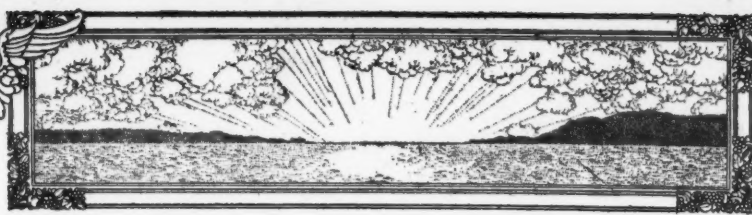
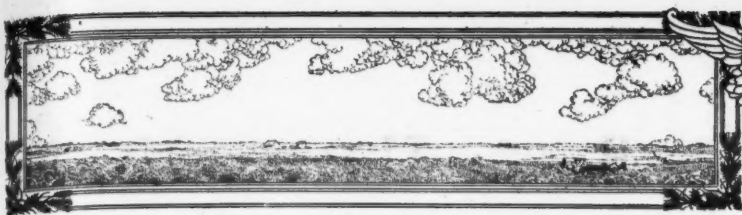
ASPECIALTY of WILLIE ALSORANDOLPH HEARST is disapproving on high moral grounds of anybody who seems likely to get an office on which his own eye is fixed. One of the most striking somersaults ever seen outside of a circus was the passage of the Hearst papers in one day from the statement that Mr. HUGHES was a man beyond the reach of any financial influence to the statement that he was a puppet of THOMAS F. RYAN, this change being exactly contemporaneous with the decision of Mr. HEARST to run for the Governorship against Mr. HUGHES. When he has been trying for the many other offices on which he has set his mind, he has performed feats of change scarcely less dizzying to the spectators. Those who are familiar with the ruthlessness with which both individuals and the abstract truth are subordinated, in the Hearst papers, to the ambition of their owner, might get a good deal of pleasure from reading a Hearst editorial attack on WOODROW WILSON for ingratitude. It observes that DE QUINCEY, from his opium-fevered brain, called murder one of the fine arts; that CLAUDE DUVAL might be expected to defend highway robbery; that the famous thief of the Rue St. Martin would have excited no surprise by praising larceny; but that a newspaper defender of WILSON should "in this age of fine moralities, and of yet enduring ideals, have deliberately set out to gloss and actually to glorify the basest of human qualities" is most offensive to red-blooded humanity. "History and literature," declares this passionate philippic, "have silhouetted in living light the loyal love of ANTONY and the sacrificing faith of DAMON against the eternal shame of CASSIUS and the crimson treachery of IAGO. . . . But the 'American' yet holds fast to the faith handed down through the centuries that there never yet was man false to proven friendship who could be depended on to be nobly loyal to the State." Meantime the wonderfully effective juvenile court that Chicago has worked up is meeting the heavy handicap of an assault from the Hearst paper and the Hearst organization, because the patronage connected with that court is needed for the advancement of Mr. HEARST's political fortunes.

THE MAN AND THE CAUSE

WHY SHOULD NOT MANY STATES select LA FOLLETTE-ROOSEVELT delegates, or even LA FOLLETTE-ROOSEVELT-CUMMINS delegates? The progressive forces ought not to be divided. The cause should be superior to the individual. It should be taken for granted that Colonel ROOSEVELT and Senator LA FOLLETTE stand essentially for the same movement. They represent the protest against the same fundamental evil of special privilege. It would be disastrous for different parts of the progressive movement in the Republican party to oppose one another. If they work together, it will be perfectly clear before June who is the choice of the majority of progressives, and that choice should be the nominee.

TRUSTS

IF WILSON AND ROOSEVELT are the nominees, there will be apparently enough difference between them on the trust problem to result in an interesting debate. There is agreement, however, among most independent observers to-day that certain proceed-



ings ought to be clearly decided to be illegal and firmly punished. Senator BORAH spoke an opinion, which will generally be accepted, when he said that he did not desire to punish business men for breaches of law which were unintentional, but that theoretical ignorance was not to be used as an ambush for obviously intended breaches. "If a man lies in wait and falls upon his unwarned adversary and slays him," he said, "will it be any defense for his lawyer to say to the court that his client has always had difficulty in distinguishing between voluntary and involuntary manslaughter? If a corporation lowers the price of an article in order to destroy its competitor; if it by express agreement limits the output of a product; if it foments strikes in competing mills; if it seeks favors in rebates or divides territory; if it puts millions into competing plants, covers the investment with stock and then dismantles them; if it does this and similar things, will it be heard to say that the boundary line between restraint and open competition in trade is sometimes difficult to define?" Mr. BRANDEIS, addressing the Senate committee in favor of the La Follette Bill, pointed out that the issue was not between unrestricted competition and regulated monopoly, but *between regulated competition and regulated monopoly*. Progress, as he said, demands that we remove the obstacles in the path of progress, and private monopoly is the most serious obstacle to the best development in business. He put the true issue with accuracy when he defined his theory as being not that traders be compelled to compete, but that they be prevented from killing competition. Mr. BRANDEIS knows much about business, and he realizes, as all the efficiency experts realize, the immense wastes of monopoly and the delusive quality of much of its apparent economy. We do not believe that any business scare that may be worked up for campaign purposes will be able to remove the deep-seated conviction of the people. They will not be satisfied with regulating monopoly; they are determined to preserve a reasonable degree of competition.

SHAVING IN WINTER

WOMEN bear most of the hardships of humanity, but from one of the most discouraging bits of drudgery they are free. Shaving goes a long way toward spoiling winter. Just read these lines:

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
And fuel is all the dearer,
And fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

That is cheerful, isn't it? Well, it was written by TENNYSON, and TENNYSON wore a beard. LEIGH HUNT had the right idea. He wrote a pretty piece about his sensations as he lay abed in winter, reflecting upon "the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving." (Of course, he knew less about microbes than we do.) He sympathized with the Queen of France, who took part with the rebels because her husband removed his beard. His mind went back in gratitude to the Emperor JULIAN, who showed his genius by reviving the fashion of the flowing beard. His memory recalled the portraits of MICHELANGELO, TITIAN, SHAKESPEARE, FLETCHER, SPENSER, CHAUCER, PLATO; they accomplished miracles, but they did not have to shave. "Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard!—how utterly different." Many a time in winter the conviction has flooded us that if we have never accomplished what we should have done, the reason is not far to seek.

A BUSINESS MAN

IN 1855 RICHARD T. CRANE poured and melted himself the first pot of metal in a business which grew larger than the business of some railroads. Everybody who reads the news may now know that Mr. CRANE left one million dollars for the benefit of his employees; few know that he gave them three million dollars beyond their wages in his lifetime. All may know that he left a million dollars for women who are widowed with young children, but not many know that none of this money was earned at the expense of Mr. CRANE's fellow creatures. Once he noticed that some of his men were doing sand blasting with helmets on their heads. It seemed to him an unhealthy occupation, and he ordered a change to a method much less profitable to himself. Frequently he told his branch managers not to push business too hard in competition with weaker opponents, especially in regions where there were long-established houses of good character. It was his principle and his practice never to be hard toward employees, competitors, or public. Although he lived to see his business become enormous, he never regularly retained a firm of lawyers. He did not fight his fellow creatures, but helped them. A short time before his death

considerable publicity was given to his views on higher education. The world could not be expected to realize that if he seemed inhospitable to the colleges, it was because of the intensity of his interest in those lower forms of education which lighten the burden of the struggling many. He never asked or needed tariff favors. He was an honor to the business world and to the country in which he lived.

GREETING

OUR JOURNALISTIC BROTHER, the "Times" of America, New York, was founded by JOEL BENTON in 1852, and has now completed sixty years of life. About a year ago we published an editorial rejoicing in the stand the "Times" had just taken in excluding patent-medicine advertising—a courageous step for a small newspaper to take, as it often results in a permanent loss of income. To the new management we most heartily wish success and happiness in living up to the fine program which in their anniversary number they announce.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION

THE SCOTCH have a phrase, *unco guid*, which expresses dislike of the persistently ethical and corrective character, the everlasting hortatory, the extreme of the schoolmaster or preacher tendency. Journalists who reform have to guard against becoming "righteous overmuch." The other side of the truth is thus expressed in one of the books of E. V. LUCAS:

"There is no journalist whom I follow so closely. He has a fearless mind and a hatred of injustice. Do you like him?"

"Well, he compels attention," I said, "but he is a little too near white heat for me."

"If he were cooler," said Miss GOLD, "he would be tolerant—like you—and then he would be no use. There is so much comfortable tolerance to-day, so little anger. I hope he will go on being angry."

"Comfortable tolerance" is one thing, and it is what is aimed at in CHESTERTON's splendid hymn in the lines:

From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men
Deliver us, good LORD.

But there is tolerance that is not comfortable, and fearlessness that is not angry, and sympathy that is not indignant. Can you find in the articles that JANE ADDAMS is now running in "McClure's" any of the harsher attributes of reform?

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

WAS LINCOLN A CHRISTIAN? The question is never to be settled, because both answers are correct. It is part of the surprise and grandeur of his fate that he, with his early skepticism and growing cosmic piety, should be looked upon as the most Christlike of our modern statesmen. It is the side of the Christian spirit of which old THOMAS DEKKER wrote:

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

The word which ST. PAUL chose to link eternally with faith and hope, and to be greater than them both, is difficult to translate. If we call it kindness, and the close understanding of the united mind and heart, none could have more of it than LINCOLN. There are two types of men who help their fellows. One studies the world, and adapts itself, and gets ahead, whether born in hovel, farmhouse, or palace. It is clear-headed, deals with things as they are, and helps the world with energy and purpose. There is another type, less appreciated, less certain to succeed, because all love and sensitiveness and suffering, and these noble qualities carry with them no assurance of reward. LINCOLN combined the types. His head was cool as his heart was warm. His sympathy was broad as his purpose was inflexible. His tenderness was equal to his logic. He labored to achieve, but he never trod the weaker under foot; he never hardened his heart against the worthless. His debates with DOUGLAS, his reply to GREELEY, are as clear and undisturbed as noon, but the letter to the widow who had given five sons to the war chokes the voice that tries to read it out. He saw with pure white light of reason, but throbbed with every shade of feeling. It is because of this double power—a heart limitless in charity, a mind relentless in truth—that he has become a star to follow, a type of that to which men would intrust themselves, their hopes, their faith; so that, less than half a century from his death, resemblance to LINCOLN is the highest praise bestowed upon our public men.



A New Kind of Stage Magic

Thrilling Effects in "Sumurun," with the Simplest Means and without a Spoken Word

By ARTHUR RUHL . . . Pictures by ERNEST HASKELL

"KISMET" was unusual and good fun, but "Sumurun"—which Mr. Winthrop Ames has brought over bag and baggage from its successes in London and Berlin—is more unusual and even more fun. "Sumurun" is the real thing.

Both are Arabian Nights entertainments arranged for the stage, and therefore outside the spectator's usual zone of feeling and experience, but Mr. Knoblauch's play is more or less held down to this everyday area by the everyday actors who declaim its lines, and by the scenes which, brilliant and atmospheric as they are, differ from those we are familiar with, less in kind than in degree.

The Reinhardt stage pictures, on the other hand, as compared with the usual thing, have almost the "bite" of a poster compared with a photograph, and the wild Arabian Nights story they tell is swept breathlessly along by music and vivid pantomimic acting, not once brought down to earth by the intrusion of a spoken word. The result strikes a whole new set of theatrical nerves, so to speak, and is correspondingly fresh and entertaining.

A great deal has been written about Professor Max Reinhardt's stage management—he is Germany's foremost stage manager—but its essential quality is the elimination of detail and the concentration of emphasis—especially through the intelligent use of light and color—on one significant point. It is impressionism applied to the stage.

While "Sumurun" can scarcely be compared with the domestic dramas which have made Mr. Belasco's name, Professor Reinhardt's work here is doubtless characteristic, and it is quite at the opposite pole from Mr. Belasco's. The latter makes his stage pictures by an intelligent heaping up of photographic detail; brooks with real water, storms with real rain, rooms that look as if they had been lived in—fireplaces, lamps, coat-hooks, old pictures, goodness knows what, done just so.

The German wizard's method is, apparently, just the reverse of this. He flattens his background down to almost nothing—to a mere symbol, so to speak. Here, for instance, are all the principal characters hurrying hotfoot to the Sheik's palace—the grim chief himself; his favorite wife, the beautiful Sumurun, and her handmaidens; his amorous son; the chest containing the love-sick silk merchant and the supposedly lifeless body of the hunchback; the wanton slave girl, the funny, jiggly janitor of the bazaar.

Away they go across the scene, like the characters in an old-fashioned melodrama after the third act, each with his own characteristic tempo, and the background is scarcely more than two flat bands of color—the white wall against which they stand out and—painted on the drop as I recall it—the sky and the flat, black silhouette of the palace towers. No time is lost in setting the scene, the attention is concentrated on the moving figures, and the flat

(Continued on page 33)



JUDICIAL TYRANNY

And Judicial Ethics

By CARL SNYDER

IN THIS series of articles I have endeavored by means of examples, figures, and specific cases to reveal in some measure the failure of justice, civil and criminal, in this country—a breakdown so humiliating as to have aroused the most eminent judges and jurists in the country, from President Taft down, to urgent demands for reform.

I have set forth how a huge number of judgeships have been created, for their own clan, by the lawyers who swarm in Congress and the Legislatures; how in the face of public sentiment and protest, and even specific prohibition, technicality has run riot and the higher courts become overloaded with appeals, which are chiefly decided upon the most trivial details of procedure without the slightest regard for the merits of the action; and how while England, Germany, and the other nations have successfully striven to rid themselves of this incubus, and have reformed their procedure, their judges, and their lawyers, the courts of this country have simply sunk deeper in the mud.

I have here to relate two instances of the miscarriage of justice which involve no mere questions of technicality or procedure, but the honor of the bench itself.

A Case from the Records

LET the first case I shall relate should seem a prejudiced statement, let me say this: I had never heard of the affair until I read, quite by chance, the opinion of the Federal Court confirming the judgment of the Ohio State Supreme Court, and my entire acquaintance with the case is confined to the voluminous opinions rendered by these two courts.

In search of quite another matter, I had opened a late number of the Federal Reporter (p. 966, 1911) and my eye caught the title:

"In re THATCHER—Disbarment for Libel."

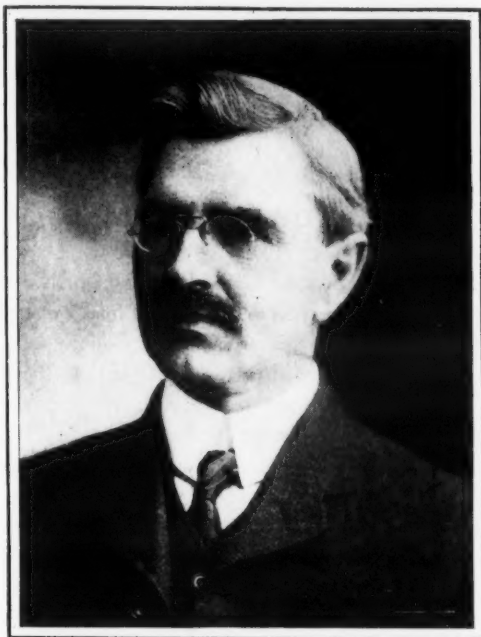
The opinion was by Justice John M. Killits, recently elevated to the Federal bench for the Northern District of Ohio by President Taft. It reviewed the case at length, giving the reasons why Charles A. Thatcher, a lawyer of Toledo, should be barred from practice in the Federal Courts as he had already been barred from practice in the State of Ohio. I read through the forty-six closely printed pages of this extraordinary document, and when I finished I rubbed my eyes and said:

"Am I living in a republic or in Russia?"

It was not in the least a judicial opinion, but from end to end an insidious *ex parte* special plea, endeavoring to bolster up what Judge Killits only too plainly believed to be a very weak case as it had been handled by the Ohio Supreme Court. The decision of the latter court occupies 183 pages of volume 80 of the Ohio State Reports. Here, without bias, are what appear to be the facts:

Along about 1906 Thatcher conceived a dislike for one Judge Lindley Morris of the Court of Common Pleas of Toledo, and filed an affidavit in eleven cases charging prejudice, at the same time sending word that he would withdraw the charge if the cases were transferred to another court. The offer was refused, the feud began and culminated in a series of bitter attacks by Thatcher when Morris came up for reelection in 1908.

I wish to say here that the character, standing, and record of Thatcher have absolutely nothing to do with present considerations. He appears from the record to be a man of aggressive and violent temper, and, for the rest, he may be all that the judges in their opinions endeavor to make out—that he was a typical member of the fraternity of "ambulance chasers," otherwise an "accident lawyer" of devious methods. He may have richly deserved disbarment—though I will add that if the charges against him are a test of lawyer fitness, I would



Federal Judge J. M. Killits

Who upheld the State Supreme Court in Thatcher case

attempt in thirty days to secure enough evidence of the same sort to disbar five hundred attorneys in the city of New York alone.

The question is not one of Thatcher's deserts, but of the simple fact that **he was accused, tried, and condemned by the judges he assailed!**

Thatcher, in his successive circulars, had broadened his campaign from a simple attack on Judge Morris to similar attacks on Judges Shauck and Price of the Supreme Court, also candidates for reelection that year; viz.: that they were corporation judges and had systematically denied justice to the poor man.

In his attack on the Supreme Court justices, Thatcher had reprinted a carefully drawn and itemized criticism of these two judges which was being disseminated by the Ohio Federation of Labor in cooperation with the Brotherhood of Trainmen and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

These charges recited case after case decided by these two judges, invariably in favor of the corporations and against the poor defendants, and declared these judges to be unfit for office.

The Manner of the Disbarment Proceedings

IT WAS a Presidential year, and the combined attack of Thatcher and the Federation failed of its intended effect. Shauck and Price were reelected and only Morris defeated. So far as Thatcher's circulars were concerned, they were, if one might judge from the specimens cited in the Supreme Court opinion, simply diatribes, and so crudely written that they must have reacted rather favorably on the men attacked.

The latter evidently thought otherwise, for they proceeded to go after Thatcher's scalp. Complaint was made and disbarment proceedings were begun against him—where? As Judge Spear of the Supreme Court

pointed out in his dissenting opinion, Chief Justice Crew concurring, the proper method would have been to lodge this complaint with the Circuit Court of the Toledo District. Instead of that it was lodged with the Supreme Court of the State, and the "trial" consumed an entire week.

Why in the Supreme Court?

Judge Morris had been a Republican candidate, and the two Supreme judges assailed by Thatcher were likewise Republicans, and the case was brought before a solidly Republican Supreme bench.

Next note that the same charges as those against Shauck and Price lay more or less against the other judges of the Supreme Court as well. The opinions cited in Thatcher's circulars had been more or less concurred in by the entire court.

The Standards of the Ohio Court

NOW before going further, it might be worth while considering the civic and legal standards of this Ohio Supreme Court. I will take merely two recent instances. In a previous article I have recited how this same court had decided that the law introducing the voting machines in Ohio was "unconstitutional," on the ground that the "constitution" prescribed that voting should be by "ballot." Because when the constitution of Ohio was drawn, "ballot" meant a printed or written ticket, to be folded and put in a box and counted or not as the election overseer might desire, in the mind of this court a machine which would take the choice of counting from the hands of the thugs and thieves of "Boss" Cox's machine in Cincinnati, for instance, did not fulfill the law! (80 Ohio St., 488.)

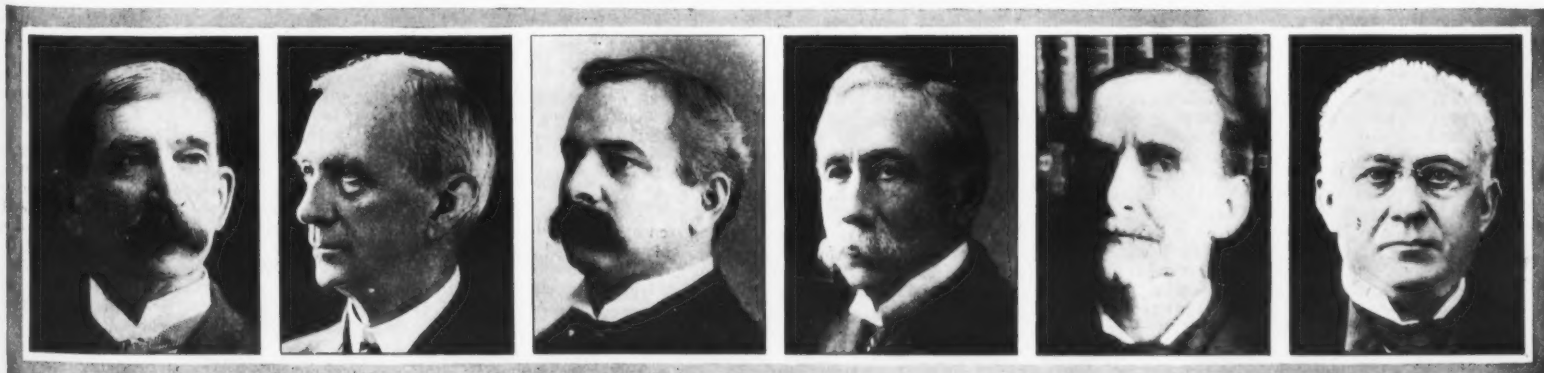
This clause of the constitution was drawn up in 1802—nearly a century before a voting machine was ever dreamed of. I have said before, and I say again, that such decisions as these might make one imagine that they are taken from the proceedings of a lunatic asylum.

But here the scandal was graver. The judges of this court knew, as every citizen knew, that the voting machine law was an endeavor on the part of the decent people of Ohio to down the "bosses" and the rich tax-evading corporations, which are ever and always behind the bosses. And these judges knew, as every citizen in Ohio knew, that in making this decision they were dealing this reform movement the hardest blow that lay in their power to deal.

This is the Ohio Supreme Court's record for civic enlightenment. Now for its regard for the safety of the lives of the citizens. For the notably cold-blooded killing of Percy Stuckey, alias Frank McCormick, one Goodlove was tried and convicted of murder. Conviction was affirmed by the Circuit Court, but of course reappealed to the Supreme Court. On what ground? On the ground that the prosecution had failed to prove that the real name of the deceased was Stuckey!

There was no question of the fact that Goodlove had killed a man, known as Stuckey and likewise McCormick, and no question that it was a brutal murder. But the court said the prosecution had failed to prove—not that it could not, but simply that it had failed—that Stuckey and McCormick were one and the same man, though, so far as the record shows, no human being had ever questioned the fact! So this Supreme Court, charged by the Federation of Labor with being corporation tools, charged by many honest people of Ohio with aiding and abetting the Cox machine in its voting-machine decision, decided that this was "a fatal failure of proof"—and did what? Remanded the defendant for a new trial? Not in the least.

The court set this murderer free. And by virtue of



J. L. Price

William Z. Davis

A. N. Summers

W. T. Spear

W. B. Crew

John A. Shauck

The Members of the Then Ohio State Supreme Court Which Disbarred Thatcher—Judge Spear Dissenting

their action, the life of Goodlove could not be put a second time in jeopardy! (82 Ohio St., 371.)

Charged by a responsible body of men with systematic defeat of justice toward the injured poor, by the reformers of Ohio with helping to maintain the rule of "bosses," and here shielding a murderer from justice on a technicality, what do you think, gentle reader, would be the attitude of this court toward a lawyer who had assailed two of its members and inferentially the whole court as unfit men?

Could you by any chance guess what happened?

It was this. To draw up a presentment the court appointed a committee of "reputable lawyers"—from where? From outside of Toledo or Lucas County, where Thatcher in the course of years of practice might, if we may trust the Supreme Court's description of his violent ways, have raised up against him a host of enemies? Oh, no! Five "reputable lawyers" from Toledo.

And then Thatcher was "tried." The presentment contained eighteen counts. Four of these were so idle and trivial that they were thrown out by the court itself. One of these "charges" was that Thatcher had once in a rage declared in court that a certain man "ought to be shot." The five "reputable lawyers" presented this as a ground for disbarment.

Twelve of the charges referred exclusively to the circulars written and distributed by Thatcher, as he seems to have been unable to have obtained space even in the opposition newspapers for his diatribes. These twelve charges relate to four circulars, and, as Judge Killits remarks, these four circulars were practically a rehash of the charges in the first.

Four of the charges dismissed and twelve others relating to a single matter, there remained one charge, that of the misuse of certain notes of one Milburn, dated 1896 and taken up for collection by Thatcher in 1900, eight years before the disbarment proceedings were begun.

The Supreme Court Decides

NOW as regards this charge, which the Ohio Court and Judge Killits both consume page after page to prove a heinous offense, I have only this to say: One of the Supreme Court judges, inferentially at one with the two judges assailed by Thatcher, could not stomach the job, and refused to be a party to it. In the punishment for the "libel" (?) of Judge Morris and of the Supreme Court, plus the alleged dereliction in the Milburn notes, and plus Thatcher, Judge William T. Spear dissented, and in his dissent declared that a reprimand or at most a suspension for a fixed time would have been sufficient.

The other five voted to disbar.

This decision was rendered in June, 1900, and in the next election two of these five judges, Crew and Summers, were retired from the bench. For the credit of Ohio, one may hope that the other three—Shauck, Price, and Davis—will go the same way, since apparently they cannot be dealt with more summarily.

They and their actions are not a tenth part as important as the action of Federal Judge Killits. The Ohio Supreme Court is chosen, nominally at least, by the people, and in due course is subject to their wrath. Judge Killits was not chosen by the people but by the President. This judge holds his office for life and is subject to no recall except by a laborious impeachment by the Congress of the United States.

It appears that Thatcher, shyster and crook as these two courts try to represent him, was enough of a lawyer to have a considerable practice before the Federal courts. So the gangsters applied to the latter to repeat the disbarment decreed by the State court.

Where, gentle reader, do you imagine that this Federal court, "free," as Judge Killits says, "from bias or local prejudice," resided?

Shall you be astonished to open the almanac and read under the list of Federal judges:

For the Northern District of Ohio:

John M. Killits, address, TOLEDO, OHIO.

It happens there are two Federal judges for this Northern District; why was not the case brought before Judge Day, who did not live in Toledo and who, presumably, would have had no interest in putting Thatcher under the ground?

Here again the court solemnly appointed a committee of "reputable lawyers," which, in turn, recommended a presentment, and when this presentment appeared it contained four charges. And pray observe of what these four charges consisted.

The first charge included the seventeen counts considered by the Supreme Court, four of which that body had already dismissed, as noted. The next three charges were brand new. As the first charge contained seventeen specifications, you expect a like number in the next three? From the elaborate preamble of Judge Killits's decision, you are made to feel that if the original disbarment case was a little shaky, there can be no sort of question, now, with the new evidence.

Shall you be a little dazed, then, to discover that these three new counts concerned—one a mere lawyers' quarrel, over papers; the other two—a single case! The former was over whether, in a trifling matter, a judge

had been intentionally deceived, the accusers being a pair of railroad (i. e., also "accident") attorneys. In the latter the main question involving the defendant's "moral turpitude" turned upon the evidence of a Polish laborer who could speak only Polish, and who could not read or write in any language, and was chiefly as to whether he understood what he was doing when he put his cross to a document! The entire decision is not only a moral but a judicial curiosity. It is filled with Pecksniffian chatter as to "the unique and unfortunate circumstances before us," and how: "In these days when railing at the courts is somewhat fashionable and is found to be a convenient way of inflaming public sentiment," etc.

It is held, what otherwise appears to be the actual fact, that the right to practice in the Federal courts is not a statutory privilege but is absolutely dependent upon the favor of a Federal judge. And consider the grounds for disbarment as stated by this Federal judge: "An elector who is an attorney has a right to criticize the judges and conduct of judges in a decent and respectful manner," etc.

Again: "We say there is a broad distinction between

up against Thatcher, after his assault on the courts, afforded no sufficient ground for disbarment. If every collection transaction of attorneys which had been questioned by client or adversary is a sufficient ground for disbarment, how many lawyers would there be left practicing law?

4. It is perfectly clear that if Thatcher had never assailed these judges, there would have been no disbarment proceedings.

I leave it to Mr. Hapgood's philosophical pen to moralize upon the effect of proceedings of this sort on the part of bench and bar on a public which is asked to respect our courts.

Now we will turn to case number two and ask:

What are the moral and legal standards demanded of an attorney by the highest paid judiciary in the United States, viz., the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York?

Our readers will recall the "brain-storm" theory advanced by the attorneys for the defense to save Harry K. Thaw from the electric chair for his murder of Stanford White. To suppress evidence which, if discovered, might refute that theory, Mr. Clifford Hartridge, one of the attorneys, testified that he had spent the modest sum of \$39,000 in the Tenderloin of New York City.

This was a part of his claim for one hundred and ninety-eight thousand dollars, fees and expenses, which he endeavored to collect by a suit against Mrs. Mary C. Thaw in the United States Federal Court, and was part of an itemized bill of \$70,736 alleged expenses in preparation of the case. The jury gave a verdict for the defendant, and Judge Holt, before whom the case was brought, immediately impounded all the papers and appointed Abram J. Rose, Mrs. Thaw's attorney, as an agent of the court to bring the matter to the attention of the District Attorney of New York County, with the intention of bringing criminal proceedings against Hartridge.

A Lawyer's Defense

IN THIS itemized bill it was claimed by Hartridge that he had spent an average of nearly \$300 per day and night, mainly night, for over nine months. To one woman in particular it was claimed that nearly \$15,000 had been given "for distribution." Among other items was:

"June 30—Telephoning, long distance and otherwise, \$66.57."

All told, Hartridge admitted that he had received about \$103,000, so that this lawyer was attempting to claim about \$120,000 for his services.

It was found that there were apparently no statutory provisions under which criminal proceedings could be brought. Thereupon the case was presented to the Bar Association of New York. Under the rules of that body, no disbarment complaint could be brought against a member of the association, and proceedings were then instituted to secure Hartridge's expulsion. Before the case could be taken up, Hartridge resigned from the association, and a disbarment complaint was then prepared and, according to custom, Hartridge was cited to appear, and did appear.

Before the committee he boldly took the stand that these enormous expenditures were necessary to suppress the evidence, which, if introduced, would have destroyed the theory which the defense proposed to make. According to Hartridge's statement, Thaw had been indulging in practices which, if told to the jury, would vitiate the pretense that when he heard the story of Evelyn Thaw he was moved to such indignation that his mind was unbalanced. Here is a sample of the testimony:

Q.—"You mean that these women might have testified to these facts (that Thaw was given to the most depraved practices), and your idea was to keep the District Attorney from getting the information about these facts so that he could not use them on cross-examination?"

A.—"Yes."

And again (by Hartridge):

"He" (the District Attorney) "had Mrs. Merrill down at his office at least twice."

Q.—"How could she conceal these facts from him?"

A.—"She never answered a question."

The testimony from which I have quoted, together with the papers impounded by Judge Holt of the Federal bench and submitted to the District Attorney of New York as the basis for criminal proceedings, were laid before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, the case heard by five judges, and by a vote of three to two, without one word of justification, this court held that Hartridge was still entitled to practice before the New York bar.

The three judges concurring were: Francis M. Scott, Chester B. McLaughlin, and Nathan L. Miller.

The two judges who refused to be a party to this judgment were: John Proctor Clarke and Victor J. Dowling.

¹Since the above was written I learn that Thatcher was reinstated in his right to practice by the Ohio Legislature, and that now the right of the Legislature—i. e., the sovereign people of Ohio—to do this has been called in question by the local courts.

The Power of Judges

"THE public does not fully understand the position of a judge in respect to his immunity from exposure by the bar. His professional iniquities or incompetencies, if any, are so committed as to become directly known only to a few persons in any given instance; and these few persons are the attorneys in charge of the case. To bear open testimony against him now is to risk professional ruin at his hands in the near future. Moreover, this ruin can be perpetrated by him without fear of the detection of his malice; because a judge's decision can be openly placed on plausible grounds, while secretly based on the resolve to disfavor the attorney in the case. Hence, lawyers dread, most of all things, to give personal offense to a judge."—DEAN JOHN H. WIGMORE OF THE LAW SCHOOL OF NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

"NOT only are practicing lawyers restrained from criticizing improper acts of judges, but they must also be cautious in their criticism of legal principles as applied by the judges before whom they practice. Should an attorney so far transgress as openly to criticize a judge, even at the time when that judge is running for reelection, the possibility of disbarment is not a remote contingency."—PROFESSOR W. F. DODD IN "ILLINOIS LAW REVIEW."

fair and temperate criticism and abuse and slander of the courts and judges constituting them," etc. (italics mine).

And again: "We should not say that an attorney guilty of libel should under all circumstances have his right to practice law questioned," but if it concerns his profession (i. e., if he criticizes the courts!), then it is most reprehensible and involves "moral turpitude," because "he is talking of things which the average layman cannot know anything about!"

This decision approves of the doctrine that a court which has been criticized may be the judge of what is "fair and temperate criticism," and whether the criticism has been made in "a decent and respectful manner."

Merely as one instance of this farce of a "trial," I may note that Thatcher's first reply was deemed by this sensitive judge so "scandalous" that, by order of the court, all papers in the case were "withheld from file until after submission to, and permission had of, the court," so that the newspapers should not have Thatcher's reply; and that reply was suppressed and Thatcher compelled to withdraw it by Killits! This on an alleged "power of censorship undoubtedly inherent in the court!"

The Four Facts

WITHOUT going further into the case, I wish to point out the four facts which emerge from this effort judicially to dynamite this Toledo insurrecto.

1. There was no move to disbar Thatcher, and apparently no suggestion to disbar him, before his campaign against Morris and the Supreme Court judges.

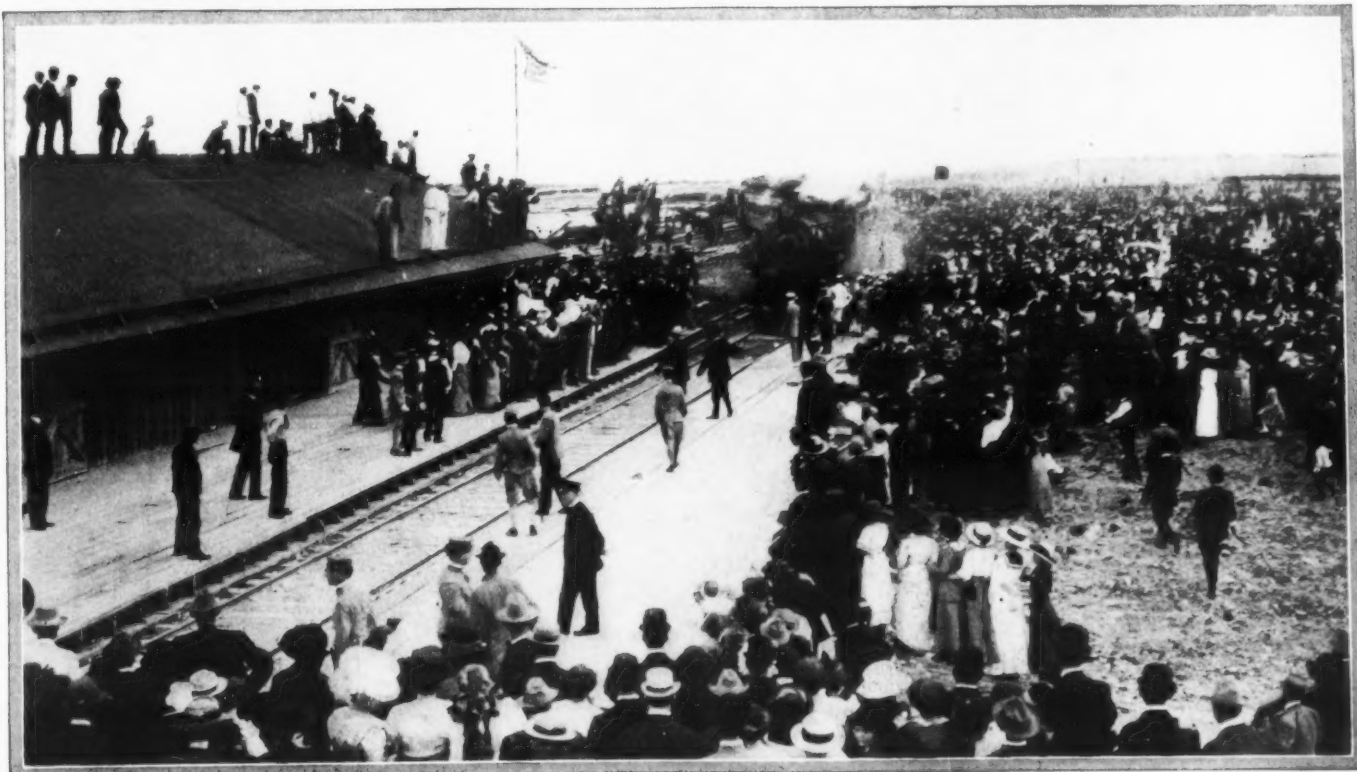
2. Neither the Ohio Supreme Court nor the Federal Court decision goes so far as to suggest that the libel alone was sufficient ground for disbarment.

3. It is perfectly clear, from the opinion of Judge Spear of the Ohio Court, that the other charges trumped



A Military Ceremonial of the Manchus

The Prince Regent, the active head of the Manchu dynasty, whose titular chief is the baby emperor, is reviewing the troops outside the north gate of Peking. It is probable that many of the soldiers who passed before him joined later the rebel ranks



The First Train into Key West

The Over Sea Railroad, connecting Key West with the Florida mainland, was opened formally on January 22. There was much enthusiasm in Key West, where the event has been looked forward to hopefully for several years. Henry M. Flagler built the road, his engineers conquering difficulties which included seventy-five miles of sea construction from key to key



The Royal Hunting Party on the March

There was big hunting in the jungles of India when King George V passed on from his crowning at Delhi to the entertainment provided for him in Nepal. Six hundred elephants were collected and two shooting camps arranged. Sport was good from the start



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BEEF AT THE BAR



J. Ogden Armour



Edward F. Swift



Edward Morris

A Vivid Drama Staged in a Court Room

By HENRY M. HYDE

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The trial, as seen from the eyes of the packers and again from the eyes of their prosecutors, does not seem to reflect the same scene, so different the points of view and the color of the spectacles.

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blue eyes are sharp, questioning. He slips into a chair at the end of the prosecutor's table and buries himself in a sheaf of typewritten testimony—James M. Sheehan, law partner of Minister to China Calhoun, special Government prosecutor, winning a reputation as a relentless cross-examiner, as a ready and able jury lawyer.

Wrapped in a greatcoat, followed by a squire bearing a green bag and an armful of sheepskin-bound books, comes John S. Miller, famous as the inventor of the "immunity bath" at the former trial of the packers, chief of counsel for the Armour group of defendants. Once Miller was a college professor of Greek and Latin. Now, as he unsheathes himself, there are still traces of the pedagogue in the slim, fastidious figure, the pink, smooth-shaven face, with its close thatch of white hair. Behind him is Levy Mayer, chief of the Morris legal forces, with his attendant clerk bearing the weapons of the craft. Mayer, trained for years in the formation and destruction of trusts, sits at the front of the defendants' table, his strong face in profile, and begins to lay open his law books. It is plain that he is to be

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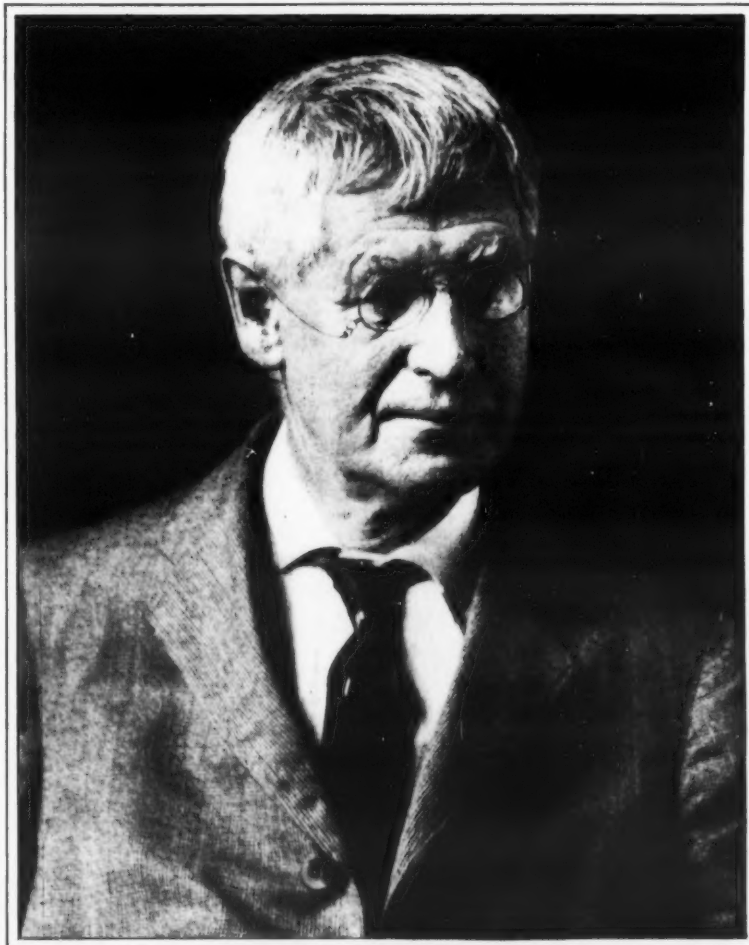
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Arthur Meeker and Thomas J. Connors (at the ends respectively), are tremendous fellows, burly of figure. In the center is Edward Tilden, president of the National Packing Company

was given up. But it is suggested as possible that some inkling of the plan leaked out, for on May 10, 1902, not long after the famous conference on the Swift front porch, the Federal Government filed a petition against Swift, Armour, Morris, and certain other packers asking for a writ of injunction forbidding them from combining in restraint of trade and against the provisions of the Sherman Act.

Nearly a year later, on February 18, 1903, Judge Peter S. Grosscup overruled the demurrers which the packers had filed to this petition, and ruled in favor of the Government. But the injunction itself was not actually issued until April 4, and in the mean time the National Packing Company was formed with a capital of \$15,000,000, the money to finance it being also loaned by Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Armour, Swift, and Morris being bound to repay the money in proportion to the assessed valuations of their respective companies. It is through the National Packing Company that the Government charges the Beef Trust has since operated. Edward Tilden, one of the men now on trial, is its president.

Prosecutors and Jurymen

BUT while we have been following Mr. Veeder through the details of the old beef pool, the court room has been filling. In the end seat at the prosecutor's table sits United States Senator Kenyon of Iowa, consulting counsel for the Government. Though he has just turned the middle mile post of forty years, though his hair is just beginning to be tinged with gray, though his keen features are still young and his manner youthful, he already has behind him a distinguished career as lawyer and judge and Government counsel. The dapper young man with whom he is talking is United States District Attorney Wilkerson.

And now, unnoticed, the jury has filed into its seats at the side of the room. The jurymen are evidently impressed with the importance and the dignity of the duty imposed on them. They are all dressed up. At the start they sit in more or less constrained and awkward

attitudes. On these twelve rests the decision as to whether or no the Beef Kings shall go to jail or be fined. One has been a grocer all his life in a tiny hamlet of fifty people; three are farmers; there is a carpenter, an insurance solicitor, a grocer's clerk, a millwright, a drug salesman, a telephone inspector, and a baker. The most prominent is president of a merchant tailoring company.

The joint wealth of the panel is estimated at perhaps \$100,000. J. Ogden Armour alone is credited with a fortune of \$100,000,000. Whatever the outcome of the trial, each of the jurymen will have a subject of conversation for the rest of his life.

The fat bailiff stands up in his brass buttons, and everybody in the court room rises with him.

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" he intones. Out from his chambers onto the broad platform behind the bench walks Judge Carpenter, a tall, well-built man in his early forties, with a smooth-shaven, rather stern face, his eyes looking out through gold-rimmed spectacles. He bows the bar, the defendants, and the spectators to their chairs, then seats himself, leans forward to the bench and rests his chin on his hand, his fingers partly concealing his mouth.

Judge Carpenter is a Harvard man, who is just ending his second year on the Federal bench. He had before that some years of experience as a judge of the State courts. The trial of the beef packers was transferred to his court by Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, his neighbor across the rotunda, famous for the fine of \$29,000,000 he imposed on the Standard Oil Company.

As Judge Carpenter seats himself the jurymen settle back patiently into their chairs. Then, just as Levy Mayer rises to address the court, the swinging doors open and a small man, carrying his black overcoat over his arm, comes in and slips quietly across the room. There is nothing about him to attract attention, but as he nears "Packers' Row" three or four men rise to offer him a chair. Plainly this is a personage of importance who deserves a closer inspection. He is a short, rather slender man, nearing fifty years in age. His brown hair begins to grow thin, his shoulders are a bit stooped. He whispers behind his hand to a man who leans forward eagerly to listen. It is J. Ogden Armour, president of Armour & Co., president of the Fort Worth Stock Yards Company, director of the Armour Car Lines, Armour Grain Company, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company, Continental National Bank, National Packing Company, Northwestern National Insurance Company, Illinois Central Railroad Company, National City Bank of New York, Kansas City Railway and Light Company.

Gossip says that originally the custody of the great packing business was intended for his brother Philip, and that J. Ogden's primal tastes were more artistic and literary. But when Philip and his father both died, J. Ogden took the place of power. He has greatly increased the widespread business interests left him by his father.

The corporation of Armour & Co. alone has total assets which are estimated at \$125,000,000. Nor are the other great packing companies far behind. Swift & Co., with Louis F. Swift as president of the corporation, measures up \$115,000,000 in assets; Morris & Co. about \$50,000,000, and the National Packing Company nearly as much more. Such are the men whom the Government is trying to send to jail.

A Battle of Lawyers

LEAVING Mr. Armour sitting modestly back in his chair, one turns to find that the jury has meanwhile disappeared. Its members have been excused while the lawyers argue at length the question of admitting certain evidence. The jurymen slip in and out of the court room in silence, perhaps a little oppressed and already

weary of all the tangle of technicality and responsibility in which they are caught.

Mayer and Butler and Miller and Payne talk to the judge, urging with rising vehemence that certain documents be or be not allowed to go before the jury.

The few witnesses which the Government has so far presented are divided between past and present employees of the packers. One of the former class, W. D. Miles, once general manager of the Armour Packing Company at Kansas City, furnished the first sensation of the trial. Before grand juries, it is said, he had proved an important and willing witness for the Government. But when called to the stand in the present case he became extremely forgetful and evasive.

Mr. Sheehan succeeded, however, in extracting from the reluctant Miles a statement that while the net profits of the Armour Packing Company from the sale of dressed beef in 1899 were less than \$7,000—more than two hundred thousand cattle being slaughtered—the profits on tallow during the same period were nearly \$85,000, from hides \$75,000, and from glue \$37,000. Miles finally explained that the reason why the hoofs of a single steer were worth—to the packers—more than the dressed beef from five steers was because all the heavy killing cost was charged against the meat.

In this method of keeping books the Government seeks to find one answer to the packers' plea that they make only a microscopic profit on each carcass of dressed beef sold.

The Vital Point

ALREADY it is apparently clear that the vital point in the whole case will be the ability of the Government to prove the direct and personal connection of the individual defendants with specific acts of conspiracy. Exactly there the issue hinges.

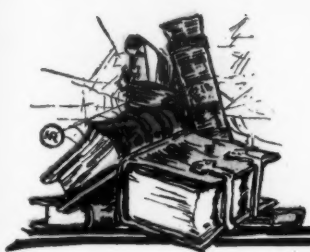
And, finally, who can help feeling sympathy for that jury of farmers, clerks, and salesmen—most of them used to an active life—now doomed to several months of close confinement, evidence, and oratory?



The Trial Judge, George A. Carpenter
A Harvard man serving second year on Federal bench



Attorney Levy Mayer
Trained both in the formation and destruction of trusts



The Battle of the Books



Fought by Vying Collectors Over the Rare Volumes of the Hoe Library

By GELETT BURGESS

A WORLD-WIDE fame was achieved by the sale of the first section last spring when one-quarter of Robert Hoe's collection sold for nearly a million dollars, or more than four times the largest amount ever received for an entire library in all the history of book sales by auction. Nearly all prices exceeded the previous records. It was, therefore, anticipated that the sale of the second quarter of the collection, just finished in New York, would provide another sensation to book collectors.

One who goes in for a "general" collection, for instance, must have a Gutenberg Bible, a Caxton or two, some incunabula, several illuminated manuscripts, and first editions of the popular classics. In these sensational features the Hoe collection was rich, and the result was spirited bidding, often more enthusiastic than judicious. After the first sale was over, queer tales were told—of orders filled by dealers with silent partners who ran up prices under the very noses of their clients—of Gutenbergs bought at fabulous prices which were not strictly Gutenbergs at all—and exorbitant prices brought through the ignorance of collectors.

Partly for such reasons and partly because all the fruit had been plucked from the lower branches of Robert Hoe's bibliographical tree, there was a marked feeling of insurgency in the air when the second auction began. Several well-known collectors were absent, with the result that Bernard Quaritch of London and George D. Smith of New York had things practically all their own way, and went through the book orchard lazily picking up golden fruit at their leisure.

The biggest hole in the competition was made by the absence of any representative of J. Pierpont Morgan. When Mr. Morgan wants a thing, he is pretty sure to get it; his librarian, Miss Belle de Costa Green, is known to have *carte blanche*, and she takes only the best, whatever the bargain. Just what Mr. Morgan possesses in the way of rare books, few really know, but an example of the thorough way in which he collects may be illustrated by the completeness of his Walter Scott library. He does not merely secure first editions. He must have, first, the original manuscripts of Scott's novels. Of these he has seventeen. Next, he secures the proof sheets, and, finally, the baronet's own private copies of his own works. The Hoe collection boasted one of Scott's original manuscripts, and it is probable that for almost every item of rarity the library showed, J. P. has a dozen. With J. P. absent from the competition, therefore, the dealers had a better chance to secure bargains.

The sale of the second section netted \$471,618, as against \$997,363, making the total for the first half of the library \$1,468,981. This sum proves the importance of the auction: a veritable event in bookdom. Few other private collections could compete with Hoe's. The Huth library, now being sold in London; the library of Henry B. Huntington, and J. Pierpont Morgan's books and manuscripts are, perhaps, its only rivals. The dissipation of such an enormous collection must effect a revolution in book circles. The market is temporarily glutted, values rise and fall, other libraries secure new places in the race for preeminence. Dealers also have their chance for the establishing of their supremacy. Sensational or not, then, such a sale must prove intensely interesting. At this event the comparatively small number of buyers often made of the bidding a duel picturesque by its sobriety.

The Auction Scene

THE hall of the Anderson Auction Company, used ordinarily as a picture gallery, seemed more like a theatre than a place of business, perhaps more like a church than a theatre. It is lighted by huge skylights, hung in brown velvet, filled with paintings. One was given a numbered seat and, for a dollar, a catalogue of the treasures. The auctioneer, Mr. Daniel Rolfe Kennedy, like a preacher in his pulpit, gave scarce a glance at the books displayed by the pages, one by one, upon the counter on the stage. There was no praise of his wares, no urging the opportunity for possessing unique books.

A little 12mo, in two volumes, bound in old green morocco, is placed upon the counter by a page. Mr. Kennedy does not point out that the arms gilded upon the covers are those of Louis XVI of France; he does not say that these little books were listed as No. 1054 in the inventory of the belongings of Louis Capet. This little "Télémaque" of Fénelon's was carried with the ill-fated king into the prison of the Temple; it is

undoubtedly the one used by him for the daily lesson he gave his son, the Dauphin—but Mr. Kennedy places his glasses on his nose, takes a sip of cold water, and says: "Lot No. 1258. Who'll offer a thousand dollars? Seven hundred and fifty, then? Five hundred?" And it is, in three minutes, sold to Charles Scribner's Sons for \$1,700.

It is all very confusing to the spectator, and many of the foreign dealers complained at first as to the methods of the auction. In London, for instance, the genuine buyers sit about a big horseshoe-shaped table, and the books are passed from hand to hand, while a porter repeats audibly every bid. In Paris there is a *crieur* who performs the same office, and the bid is known to all. Mr. Kennedy's way, however, is less plain. Instead of repeating the bid, he repeats the desired advance. "Five hundred; who'll make it six hundred? Six hundred! Six hundred!" he calls, and one is apt to believe that a genuine bid of six hundred has been made. When Mr. Smith, on the front seat, assents by a mere nod, while other competitors' offers are repeated by the pages, it takes some experience to know exactly what is happening, and the effect upon the onlooker is that many are bidding against themselves.

The Buyers

SO IT goes. The spectators, curious or envious, fill the seats, satisfied to see the backs and occasionally a few illuminated pages of rare Books of Hours, once fingered by the fair hands of queens, Caxtons almost unique in the world, incunabula of which books have been written. The great library is scattered like a family, here and there. Some volumes go to England with Bernard Quaritch, some to Germany with Baer & Co., but most are gathered in by the prodigal hands of George D. Smith.

These buyers are scattered over the hall. George D. Smith sits in front, nervous, his eyes on the auctioneer, turning occasionally to see who is fighting him, reaching for volumes to turn a page or two for the refreshment of his memory.

Far back, where he does not have to crane his neck, is Bernard Quaritch, apparently uninterested, speaking occasionally to his English assistant, dropping his eyelids occasionally, that the watching page in the aisle may cry for him: "Five hundred!" He shows none of

his well-known sense of humor; he seems almost asleep; but when he wants a book, his bids come like hammer strokes, and he usually gets his copy. At times his lips move without sound, but the page boy reads his thoughts and makes his bid.

In another aisle another vigilant page watches Mr. Dodd of Dodd & Livingston, dignified, distinguished, in the old style, with gray mutton-chop whiskers. His eyes never leave the catalogue. His lips move occasionally, or his fingers crook. It is enough for the page. But Mr. Dodd is, apparently, buying to order for customers. He has a list of prices. He is out primarily for Americana, and, till he reaches his prescribed limit, his bids play leapfrog with Mr. Quaritch's, one jumping over the other. But when the mark is passed, Mr. Dodd calmly crosses the item from his list, and the book goes to the English buyer, the hero of a hundred book battles, the king of dealers.

In another seat Walter M. Hill of Chicago makes as quiet a fight. He leaves with some rare Americana—the voyages of Americus Vesputius, for instance, and every dealer in the hall would give a good deal to know for whom he is buying. They also have Americana, and would profit by the knowledge of the mysterious customer who is so willing to spend money.

Across the hall James F. Drake, round face, smiling, watches the merry war, but not entering the fray so often as the others. He is apparently satisfied with his bargain, Corneille's "Théâtre," hardly won in a tilt with E. F. Bonaventure, for \$1,500. He stays for the amusement.

Who is George D. Smith bidding for? That's the prime problem of the whole show. Mr. Smith spent \$675,000 at the two sales—almost half the total amount realized. At the second sale he paid in something like \$152,000 to the Anderson Auction Company. He got Ralph Higden's "Polychronicon" for \$8,000, the Caxton "Canterbury Tales" (at his very first bid) for \$5,000, and Shakespeare's rare "Venus and Adonis," of which the only other known edition is in the British Museum, for \$3,800. For \$2,700 he got "Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book," of which the only other copy previously known was in Lambeth Palace Library.

Mr. Smith, too, created considerable excitement by his question as to the condition of his Catholicism. Queerly enough, he did not assert that it was a poorer copy than that catalogued by Dr. Martini, the Italian expert who listed the Hoe books, but that it was better. It was sold as having one leaf missing. Mr. Smith says that it is perfect. His reason is obvious. Henry E. Huntington recently purchased a copy for \$11,000, and declared that he would not part with the copy he got at the Hoe sale for less than \$7,500. As Mr. Smith bought his copy for \$1,625, he is, of course, anxious to have that price go as an accident, an unusual bargain for a perfect copy. As the book has a well-known record, having come to the Brayton Ives from the Sunderland sale, thence through Dodd & Livingston to Clarence S. Bement of Philadelphia, a hard-headed expert, back to Dodd & Livingston, who sold it to Robert Hoe for \$3,000, there is a chance that Mr. Smith may make a good profit on his purchase.

Mr. Sondheim of Baer & Co., Frankfurt, had a lucky adventure with a "Book of Hours" for which he paid \$5,500. Turning its pages, he found, tucked in between Jean Fouquet's miniatures, a memorandum in his own writing, showing that thirty years ago he had purchased the very same book at the Didot sale in Paris for a much less sum.

The Gutenberg Bible

THE sale of the Gutenberg Bible provided the only really exciting episode of the auction. Dr. Rosenbach of Philadelphia led off with a bid of \$10,000. Mr. Smith offered another thousand, and Dr. Martini, bidding for an unknown customer, sent the price to \$12,000. Dr. Rosenbach stayed till the \$18,000 mark was reached, and dropped sadly out of the fight. Dr. Martini subsided at \$22,000, when Arthur Hoe, son of the famous bibliophile, made a vain attempt to rescue his father's treasure, trying conclusions with Bernard Quaritch. He surrendered, however, within \$500 of the goal, and Mr. Quaritch captured the prize for \$27,500, smiled faintly, and left the hall in a mild burst of applause. A little later a copy of a book by Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly sold for \$1.

Toward the end of the sale Mr. Smith worsted every competitor, bidding rapidly and with determination, capturing every book of importance.

(Concluded on page 31)



Vigilant pages make the bids for the buyers



He gave a great cry: "We're cut off. We're trapped"

THE TIDE AT MOREA

*A Woman Combats the
Spell of the Har-
vest Moon*

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Illustrated by Arthur E. Becher

A SHABBY, filthy, unpainted, unscrapped, shame-faced little old copra scavenger from north of Fiji coughed her way into Morea Harbor toward sunset and bumped hard into the rotten pier that was already staggering under a couple of tons of copra in sacks and a couple more tons of green bananas in bunches.

Then the young white man whom she had picked up starving on a deserted reef near the Line took his worldly possessions, which were tied in a handkerchief (all but one that he wore, hanging from his neck, under his shirt), and went ashore, stepping tenderly and with great care, for he had suffered like the damned during the past two years with fever and shipwreck and wounds and slavery among the New Guinea natives (if you know what that means), and he was very near his end.

The man who was following him went ashore, too, and caught him up at the foot of the hill where he had stopped to rest. A group of native girls in print pareos passed by, singing a little song, and one of them laughed and threw a flower she'd had stuck behind her ear to the elder man, who was rather handsome and romantic looking, in a ruined, battered sort of way. The man caught the flower, called back something in Fijian that made the girls laugh very hard, and slipped his arm about the shoulders of the wreck he had followed ashore. He said:

"Where are you going to put up? It's no good asking, though, for there's only one place—old Joe's half-way up the hill yonder on the shore road. Old Joe is a drunkard, a liar, a thief, and several other things that I can't think of just now, but every white man who comes to Morea (not that many of 'em ever do come!) has to put up with him. He's a hotel monopolist, Joe is, with his flimsy old shack and his three guest rooms."

The younger man looked embarrassed.

"Well, I don't quite know," he said. "I'd—been thinking that I might get some friendly native chap to put me up for the two or three days we're to be in port. I tried the skipper about stopping on board, but he was in a temper and said I'd been enough of a damn nuisance already."

He tried to laugh, as if he didn't in the least mind being told it was a nuisance to save his life, but the elder man scowled.

"Anderson's a filthy swine, and I mean to give myself the pleasure of telling him so before we part at Suva. But look here, youngster, if it's no more than a question of money, you must let me be your banker for the present. Shipwrecked mariners aren't supposed to have ten-pound notes sticking out of all their pockets and bags of sovereigns buried in the sand. Did Anderson really say that to you—about being a nuisance? I'd like to wring his fat neck! Well, never you mind what scum like that says! Just you come along with me up to old Joe's, and we'll make you as comfortable as we can. You can send me the money later on when you're safe back in Sydney."

The younger man made a sound that was like choking, but presently, when he could speak, he said:

"It's very good of you, Hull. Thanks awfully." And he made another sound like choking, for he was very weak and ill and hadn't met with kindness in what seemed to him an interminable time.

SO THEY went on together up the slope of the little steep hill that overhangs the harbor, but halfway up the younger man said in a tone of surprise:

"I say, there's a white woman! There! standing beside that palm." He nodded his head toward a tall, fair-haired woman who stood some paces away regarding them fixedly. She must have been very beautiful in her day, he thought, and her day couldn't have been so very many years ago either. He made her possibly five and thirty, possibly a bit more. In any case she ought to have been at her best—her topmost, but she wasn't. She had much the same battered and spoiled and ruined look that the man called Hull wore—the wreck of a splendid figure.

The elder man hadn't answered his question and he turned to look at him. Hull was shivering violently and pressing one hand against his side. He saw the look of sudden alarm on the lad's face and said with difficulty:

"Only one of my—cursed heart attacks. You've seen 'em before.—Pass off in a minute. No harm done." And

in a minute the attack did pass off and they went on their way. It was the third time the younger man had seen his new friend overcome in just that fashion.

Then after a bit, when they had come to the top of the hill and stood there a moment to catch their breath, the man called Hull said:

"Oh! You asked about that white woman down below. I don't know who she is—never saw her before. She's handsome enough in her big way, isn't she? I wonder if she's putting up at old Joe's."

SHE was putting up at Joe's, as it turned out. The three met there for dinner out on Joe's veranda that hangs over the crest of the hill above the quiet bay—a lovely, still place, for the copra-laden wharf is out of sight round a knob of the hill, so that there is no evidence of man or his works, but only the narrow harbor, black and glassy under your feet: across it low heights of land with a ragged line of palms, and beyond that the vast Pacific. The sun had gone down long since in a battlefield of blood and gold to the west, and it was dark—a moonless night—and the stars, set in the blue-black heaven, were like pearls.

The fair-haired white woman had dressed herself for dinner with some care in a low white frock, and the merciful lamplight came to her aid, blotting out the lines and blurring away the coarsened contours, so that she looked very beautiful indeed—quite as she must have looked, in all lights, ten years before. She introduced herself as Mrs. Nevil and said she was waiting for a steamer that should take her to Suva, where she could catch the Canadian liner northbound.

She didn't have much to say to Hull, but talked a good deal in a pleasant, low-pitched voice to the other man—young Fairford—who was looking rather more respectable in one of Hull's white suits of drill, but still pale and drawn and ghastly. She was like a dream to the lad—like the sights and sounds of home to one who has thought never to see nor hear them more. He all but wept before her from sheer pleasure and gratitude. His eyes that devoured her big pale beauty across Joe's none too clean table were like the eyes of a dog that has been long lost and found again.

SHE must, I should think, have seen and felt that. No one could have missed it.

But when, toward ten o'clock, young Fairford, who was hardly able to sit up in his chair, made his excuses and

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crawled off to bed, then the man called Hull seemed to awake from his apathy. He said:

"Would you care to take a stroll along the shore road? It's rather pretty, if I remember right." Mrs. Nevil took a long breath and answered:

"Just as you like."

SO THEY went out in silence. They walked some distance along the path that veins the shoulder of the hill and overhangs the sea, but when they had come to a certain open place they halted in the starlight and turned to look into each other's face. Hull said:

"Well, Nellie?" And the fair-haired woman gave a kind of sob. Her knees were shaking so, she looked about, found a fallen palm near by and sat down on it. Hull came and stood before her.

"How many years?" he asked after a little, and she said:

"Nine, Tony. Nine years and three months—and twelve days if you care to go into small particulars. You've changed, my dear.—Ah, yes! I know I have, too. You needn't say it. There's been plenty to change me. I won't pretend to you. You've heard things about me, from time to time, I dare say?"

"Well, now and then," said he. "Now and then. And so've you about me, eh?"

She nodded her head.

"Yes, more than a little—and nothing good—the same as you about me. We're a pair of bad lots, Tony, you and I—rotten bad, through and through. It would be a very good thing if we could take hold of hands and just walk off the edge of this hill here and now—down into the sea where it's cool and still and peaceful. The world would be a better place with us out of it."

"Oh! you've thought that too, have you?" said the man. "Well, I've thought it more than once—not that I care such a lot about what the world would be, but I've been jolly sick of my job more times than I'd care to say." He put out his hand awkwardly and touched her.

"I say, Nellie! I'm—I don't care so much about me. I'm a wrong 'un. I've always been a wrong 'un at heart. But you, you know. It hurts like anything to see you go under. It has hurt every time I—I heard anything. You weren't born for that, you know. You're a jolly sight too decent for it. Hang me, if it's not a dirty shame!" He held her two hands in his and shook them a little, seemingly by way of emphasis.

"It hurts, old girl, to see you down in the muck with the rest of us. I don't like it." He was standing close before her, and Mrs. Nevil laid her head against him and began to weep, at which the man called Hull was profoundly embarrassed and patted her head as if he might have been her grandfather and said:

"There! There! Never mind, you know!" and other idiotic things of the sort, and at last he bent down and kissed her, and Mrs. Nevil held his head close to hers and it seemed to comfort her a little. She said, when she could speak again:

"You know, Tony, after we—came to smash I didn't seem to care any more what happened. It was losing you that did for me. Truly it was. I could have been good. I was meant to be. You said I was, didn't you? Well, it's true. But after you'd gone—I just didn't care. And no more did you, I fancy. So here we are after nine years, two derelicts drifted together in a corner of the South Seas." She sighed and afterward gave a little, rather hard, laugh.

"What are you doing here? What's the—the little game, this time?"

The man said "Ah!" in a different tone, as if her reference to the "little game" recalled something pleasurable and exciting to him. He sat down beside Mrs. Nevil on the trunk of the fallen palm, but got up again and walked a few paces down the path in each direction as if he wished to make quite sure there was nobody about. When he returned he said:

"It's a big one this time, old girl—a whopping big one—big enough to last, if it goes through, all the rest of my life. If I pull this off I can chuck card sharpening and blackmailing and the whole filthy bag of tricks for good. I can clear out of this part of the world and go to England and live straight—straight and rich. How's that, Nellie?"

The woman gave a little wriggle of excitement and pressed closer to him, saying: "Go on! Go on! Tell me about it!"

"You saw that young chap who came ashore with me—dined with us to-night at old Joe's?"

She said:

"Yes, yes. Of course. A dear boy! But he's frightfully ill, poor little chap. He'll die if he doesn't get proper care before long. What has he to do with—Tony! Surely you don't mean that he's in it—that boy! He can't be. He's as straight as ever anyone was in this world. I won't believe it."

The man who called himself Hull leaned closer.

"The boy's got the Harvest Moon, Nellie." Mrs. Nevil gave a smothered scream and drew away from him, for the name of that infamous great pearl was at this time, and indeed still is, south of the equator, a name to conjure with, to turn pale over, to frighten children and timid adults by, to start hard-headed seafaring men a story-telling about.

SHE asked in her incredulous excitement a half dozen questions almost at the same time.

"How do you know he has it? Have you seen it? How did he get it? Why isn't it still in Melbourne hanging from Lady P—'s neck?" And Hull, laughing a little at her eagerness, but with his own voice hard and sharp with excitement, answered as best he could one question at a time that Lady P—, as she might have known, had run away with a Frenchman nearly five years before, taking the great jewel with her; that it had appeared here and there half a dozen times since—once indeed in England—and always, as before, followed by a trail of blood and shame and dishonor and

shipwreck; that it had got somehow back into the South Seas again and into native hands.

"This boy came by it, Heaven knows how, in New Guinea, and a devil of a time he's had too, poor young chap! How do I know? He talks in his sleep. But he sleeps like a cat for all that. You've only to lay a finger on him and he's up in a flash. He's going to give it to a girl, Nellie. A girl! The Harvest Moon to a girl! At least he was going to give it to her."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Mrs. Nevil in a low voice. And the man said sullenly:

"What d'you suppose I mean?" But after a moment he broke out in excuses.

"Nellie, don't be a fool! Think what it is—what it means to me—to us, for now I've found you my good luck is your good luck too. If I go to England to live straight for the rest of my life you're coming too, old girl. Remember that. This boy—well, it just can't be helped, that's all. Somebody's always got to be the loser in this world. And he's going to give it to a girl—the Harvest Moon that would make you and me rich—the Harvest Moon that would save two lives. I don't like to do it, but it's just got to be done. It's a dirty turn just once more and then decency to the end of the chapter—the end of the book."

SHE didn't speak, and he went on anxiously:

"I've got to turn something. Believe me! You wouldn't know it, but things have been down—very down for a long time, and—well, they want me pretty badly in several places. I've been running and dodging for a year now, and I'm near the end. I can still get away to the north—if I have the Harvest Moon to hearten me—but there's no good going with empty pockets to strange countries—not at my age. I'm three-and-forty and I've lived hard. I haven't the bounce I had once. I haven't the courage to begin a new life in a new land with a rotten record behind me that might catch up just any day. I couldn't do it."

"You wouldn't care to try it for my sake?" asked Mrs. Nevil. Hull took her hand and squeezed it. He gave a little sigh.

"It couldn't be done, old girl. I might promise to try, but—I know myself. It just couldn't be done."

"Poor old Tony!" said Mrs. Nevil sadly. She patted his knee and leaned back in her place again.

"The Harvest Moon!" she said, after a time, reflectively. "The Harvest Moon! I wonder if it's really as wonderful as they say. I knew a man once who had seen it—held it in his hand. That was while Lady P— owned it. He said it was like something horrible and alive. It gave him the creeps, he said. And he dreamed of it afterward for a long time. Oddly enough, he was killed shortly after I saw him last. Yes, I suppose it is the most wonderful jewel in existence."

"I don't care tuppence how wonderful it is!" said Hull with a sudden savagery. "I know it's worth fifty thousand pounds, and that it's as good as in my pocket if I choose—and if you'll do your share."

"I?" said the woman sharply. "I? My share? Where in heaven's name do I come into the thing? For goodness' sake, Tony, leave me out of it! Do you—your—whatever you feel you've got to do—without me."

HE SNAPPED at her then.

"If you're going to share the winnings, you might do your share of the work!" But afterward was sorry, and said:

"No, old girl! I take that back. That was rotten of me. Let's pretend I didn't say that. I didn't mean to, you know. Of course, if you found you could lend me a hand it wouldn't be for anything you were going to get out of it yourself. It would be for me. I know that well enough."

She said: "Yes." And afterward: "Was all that quite, quite true, Tony, what you said about your being at the end of the road?"

"Ghastly true, old girl. As true as death itself."

She kept silent for a little after that. Then:

"What is it you want me to do?" she asked in a low voice. And Hull drew a quick breath and said: "Ah!" in a tone that was sharp with relief and satisfaction. He said:

"Only talk to the chap. Chaff him a bit. Cheer him up. Get his—well, get his confidence, you understand. Smooth down any suspicions he may have. He's been through such a lot that he doesn't trust anybody. I want him off his guard. Of course, the trick could be done without that, but there'd be a row about it and an uproar and—I can't have rows, you know; not without more elbow room than there is in these islands."

"Of course, you know—" His voice began to sound reflective, as if he were thinking aloud. "Of course, the safest, most ship-shape thing would be for young Mr. Fairford to—just to—disappear on the voyage between here and Suva. Just quietly disappear some dark night. People do fall overboard, now and then. Oh, yes, indeed! often. That'd be the proper way, eh, what? No uproar then. No rows and talk and fingers pointing and you and I having to run for it. That's what I—"

"Tony!" said the woman quietly.

And he said: "Yes, old girl, what is it?"

"Tony," she said, "let's have one thing understood clearly between us. There's to be no—nothing like that in this affair. I'm very serious, Tony; I mean what I say. That's never to occur whatever may happen—whatever risks may be run—whatever corners you or I get into. Not that!" She leaned closer to him in the starlight and held him by the shoulders, looking into his face.

"Tony, tell me the truth now! Swear it! Have you ever—taken that way of getting what you wanted? Have you ever at any time done—murder? It's important. I've got to know."

Hull shook his head.

"No, Nellie! So help me, never!" And at that she sat back with a sigh of relief.

"And you shan't, my dear," said she. "Not while I'm alive to prevent it."

"It's the surest of all ways, this time," he urged, and the woman could hear and feel the thought grow into conviction in his tone.

"We've not only got to get the Harvest Moon," said he, "but we've got to get away with it. We've got to have a clear field to run in."

SHE made no answer and he pressed on—feeling his way with her.

"This young chap's half dead as it is. You said that yourself. You'd better let me use my own judgment, Nellie, when the time comes."

"Tony," she said, "you'll promise me here and now not to take that step, whatever the provocation, or I'll warn young Fairford before I go to bed to-night. I mean it. Now promise!" And he promised her in a reluctant and none too gracious tone.

They sat there talking for some time longer—an hour perhaps—before they started back to Joe's, and in that interval Hull's good humor had returned once more. He paused a moment on the edge of the path and looked down at the starlit water of the bay beneath him.

"A couple of hours ago," said he, "you were making out that the world would be a better place if you and I could step off this hill into the sea." He gave a little exultant half-jeering laugh. "Instead of that you and I are going to—what's the phrase?—'live respected' for a great many years yet, and die lamented. And we're going to be as good as gold, you and I—as good as the gold the Harvest Moon will bring us. It's easy to be good when you're rich, Nellie. Wait and see!" He leaned forward to look and gave a little whistle of surprise.

"By Jove, that tide runs like a mill race! Look at it!"

But Mrs. Nevil answered without looking: "Yes, I know. It's the shape of the bay or something. On this side there's a narrow channel like the handle of a jug where the tide goes tearing in and out. A native was caught on some rocks only the other day and drowned."

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Hull was shivering violently and pressing one hand against his side

LORDS OF THE EARTH

The Dynasty of O'Donojú of the Itching Forefinger

By THOMAS P. BYRON

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

TIME and time again the itching of some particular family has proved to be the fly in the ointment that greases the wheels of the destinies of nations. For instance, there are the Bourbons, who have caused wars and troubles and revolutions galore merely because of their itching for crowns and the ermine. But these are mere riffraff beside the O'Donojú of the itching forefinger, which same digit has made those renowned gentry the greatest landholders of this our planet.

Down to the time of Franky O'Donojú's daddy, the family had vast estates in Ireland, but the inherited restlessness of the primal digit took—in Franky's sire—the degenerate form of "mania autographica"; and he was never satisfied unless he was scribbling his honored name—mostly across the backs of small, rectangular, stamped bits of paper that were furnished gratis—together with pen and ink—by kind friends who sympathized with his amiable little weakness.

THESE—I would inform those who have never signed one—were called promissory notes, and in the end divvle a stiver was left save the family pistols and a graveyard full of dead and gone O'Donojú where Franky's dad betook himself in his chagrin.

Now, Franky was an astute broth of a boy who could profit by even his parent's errors, and to his dying day he wouldn't sign his name to as much as a love letter. He determined to indulge the family weakness in good, legitimate, economical pistol practice. So he oiled up the family pistols, confided the graveyard to his cousin Patricio, and made a modest beginning by shooting a spalpeen named McCafferty—either over a lady or some delicate question of precedence at the unveiling of the punch bowl, and having once got his hand in, he put for Spain, where there was a civil war all ready to his hand, and where he speedily forefingered himself into national prominence.

You catch an O'Donojú when he is opening a brandy bottle, and he will whisper to you that Don Francisco O'Donojú would have exterminated the enemy to the last man and slapped Don Carlos on the throne—*nemine contradicente*—there being no legitimists left to object, had it not been for a disastrous rheumatism of the trigger finger, contracted by exposure to the cold air in the damp condition ensuing from the pushing in of the cork of a brandy bottle. Having got this far, your raconteur will ask you for the loan of a corkscrew and tell you solemnly that no O'Donojú of modern days—ever—under any circumstances negotiates the dis-possession of a cork with his pistol digit.

It is on such seemingly trivial events that the fate of nations often rests.

The Carlist cause lost, Don Francisco betook himself to an infant republic of South America which was waking the world at that time with its yells, being indeed still in its swaddling clothes. It ceased its turmoil when his agile forefinger—entirely recovered from rheumatism—removed two nagging pin pricks in the shape of rival presidents.

FRANKY looked about him. There had been such a superfluity of pistol practice in its politics that what with struggles against its neighbors and its own private fights, the republic was in a fair way to collapse for lack of citizens. So Don Francisco tucked his pistols under his vest, ceased raising the Old Nick and the price of ammunition, married a girl who owned all one side of the Río Arriba, and settled down to raise descendants.

When he had lived there sixty-five years he had thir-

teen sons, upward of one hundred and fifty grandsons—for his sons had averaged thirteen apiece—and only God and the census man knew how many great-grandsons.

Roughly speaking, he broke about even in descendants for what he had slaughtered in Spain.

One day, when he was eighty-seven years of age, he summoned every last one of them to his bedside. They came and filled the room and the house, and those that couldn't get in peeped in through the windows, and when he began to speak 'twas that quiet you could have heard a pin drop in the next republic.

"Boys," he said when they had all gathered, "your father, grandfather, and great-grandfather is going to die. I haven't felt so bad since me rheumatism in Spain made a fizzle of the Carlist War—the second wan, I think it was, but I disremember. When I came here, sixty-six years ago, this country was squalling for the pap of freedom and keepin' all the neighbors awake. Now it keeps 'em on the *qui vive* by throwin' stones and breakin' windows, for our fair young republic is only in her short pants yet, but some day she'll be a mighty nation, powerful and rich, and that day an O'Donojú should be at the helm of the ship of state. We own all the land on this side of the Río Arriba. When I married your mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother 'twas a possession like a principality, for she was the second richest and prettiest girl in the whole republic. I mean no disrespect to my wife—God rest her!—when I say this, but the reason I didn't marry the richest and prettiest is because she wouldn't have me.

"She—the wan that refused me—owned all the land on t'other side of the Arriba, and her great-granddaughter owns it to-day. Boys, if the O'Donojú are going to expand and increase and overrun the republic, both sides must be ours. So wan of ye must marry the Doña Mariana Santiuste. Like her ancestress, she's the prettiest and richest of them all, and on all ye O'Donojú of the fourth generation—I don't know all of your names, but I know most of ye by sight—I lay my commands to besiege her and keep besiegin' until she capitulates. Surround her with a wall of O'Donojú and exterminate any spalpeens that ye catch hangin' about with guitars and matrimonial intentions. Sure the O'Donojú should protect the girls of their adopted country from fortune hunters. D'ye understand me?"

"Aye, aye, sir," said about four dozen O'Donojú of the fourth generation.

"None of ye should be eligible until he is twenty-wan," said Don Francisco. "You, Francisco, are the oldest of your generation, and ye are a broth of a boy with blarney for six and the family genius for the six-shooter. Ye should have the best chance, and to you I confide the direction of the affair."

"I shall do my best, sir," said Francisco IV.

THE old man settled back in his bed.

To cheer him up, they brought in a new-born son of Miguel, a married and younger brother of Francisco IV. The fifth generation had arrived.

A light spread over old Don Francisco's face.

"Bedad, maybe he'll be the president," he whispered. "Boys," he said feebly, "stick to the male line of issue and raise thirteen sons, every last wan of ye, and in time every last citizen in the whole republic will be named O'Donojú."

So saying, Don Francisco closed his eyes and gave up the ghost.

LIKE the young Lochinvar, Francisco IV of the house of O'Donojú rode all alone across the Río Arriba on his finest horse, in his shortest coat and tightest trousers and highest boots and biggest spurs, under a silver-braided sombrero that weighed maybe ten pounds, and of a spread to keep the rain off a coach and four. So he was all equipped for the preliminaries of matrimony, but there the resemblance to young Lochinvar, who likewise rode all unarmed, ceases, for Francisco was begirt with as sweet a pair of modern engines of war as ever prompted the practice of the Terpsichorean art.

I say Francisco rode all alone—that is, from a matrimonial standpoint. With him was his cousin Terencio, who was a younger son, like his father and grandfather before him, and who was a good six months shy of twenty-one and who, therefore, for all purposes of courtship did not exist.

"Terencio, me buck," Francisco had said to him, "when we get to the casa Santiuste, 'tis yourself must talk to her aunts—which same be wrinkled and mustached and ugly as sin, and always about her to the number of four—while I whisper a little soft blarney to her."

And Terencio, tucking in his pistol flaps with the expectation of finding rival suitors, had said: "I'll do it." And sure enough, when they walked into the inner patio of the house, there was a twain of caballeros waiting to pay their respects to Doña Mariana.

FRANCISCO yielded them a bow that was a foot and a half too low.

"Buenas tardes, señores," he said, and his voice was a shade and a half too polite.

One of them rose to the bait and looked at Francisco critically.

"This must be the dancing master," he said to the other.

"Aye," said Francisco in tones of honey; "and 'tis to a baile that I am inviting your lordship."

"Thanks, fellow, I never dance."

"I never saw the wan yet that couldn't dance to my music," urged Francisco; "nor the wan that wouldn't. Ye shall dance, señor, and I will make the music. Me name is O'Donojú."

And Francisco patted the instrument on which he proposed to play.

The second caballero, at the name O'Donojú, had turned a broad back on Terencio and essayed to stroll across the patio.

But Terencio, after looking at him reproachfully, followed.

"Señor," he said ferociously, "I like not the way ye regard me askance."

"A thousand pardons, señor," said the other, "but I have not looked at you."

"'Tis your back, señor," replied Terencio; "it has been starin' at me most insolent-like for two mortal minnits. It has the most insultin' physiognomy of any back I ever beheld without remonstratin'—with me fut."

The caballero whirled on his heels.

"Señor," he said fiercely, "I am a Rodríguez. No one has ever dared to kick a Rodríguez."

"'Tis only the tautness of me nether garments that keeps me from establishin' a precedent," said Terencio furiously; "but ye have insulted me, señor, and for that ye shall step a rigadon presently. And I shall play ye the *chune*."

AND Terencio caressed his artillery, and just then the Doña Mariana entered with all four of her aunts.

While the three rivals bowed over her hand, she smiled over their heads at Terencio.

"Why, 'tis my old friend Terencio," she cried; "how you have grown! You were only a boy the last time you came to casa Santiuste—quite six years ago. Why



"Señor," said this one furiously, "d'ye know who I am?"

have you been so negligent when your cousins pester me to death? You must come over here and explain yourself."

And with hardly a glance at the trio, who perforce were obliged to bow and scrape and squander their best compliments on her ancient and unhandsome kinswomen, she led Terencio across the patio where the plash of the fountain masked their words.

"Put in a good word for me," Francisco muttered to him as they passed.

"Leave it to me," said Terencio, who straightway forgot that he had a cousin named Francisco save once when Doña Mariana complained that of all the wretches who persecuted her with their love-making, Francisco was the greatest bore.

Terencio agreed with her. But they had talked of other things first.

"You remember the last time you were here," had been her first words. "You offered to slap my face when I would have kissed you good by."

"I wouldn't do it now," stammered Terencio.

"You were only a boy then," she said, and her cheeks flamed like the poppies that patch the fields of Andalusia, and her eyes, that could flash like a jaguar's when she was crossed, became as soft and limpid as those of a fawn.

"I wish I was a boy now," said the dazzled Terencio, who was wondering how in the mischief his hair could be so black and hands so slim, and any human creature so bewilderingly, entrancingly beautiful.

THE beauty laughed. "The next time you come to see me," she said, "don't bring your nuisance of a cousin with you."

"Maybe if we stay here and pay no attention to them," answered Terencio, "they will take the hint and go away. But I doubt it, for Francisco has a skin on him like a tapir."

"Let us hope so," said the señorita.

For maybe an hour their laughter brought glances of hate from the three amorous ones, and then the two caballeros took their leave, Francisco accompanying them, uninvited. Terencio, who did not seem to see his cousin's black glances, tarried, and it was perhaps an hour, perhaps two hours, later that he strolled forth, smiling and content with himself, with an air of dreamy abstraction.

A horseman was waiting by the lower ford whom he took to be Francisco, so he wisely wheeled his horse—which was Francisco's own sorrel—and went home by the upper ford.

One of his brothers told him that night that Francisco had held his baile, and the two alien suitors of the beauty had tripped the light fantastic over the hills and away to the tune of his ancestral forty-fives. He had also made wild statements as to slaughtering Terencio on sight, and vowed to shoot him like a dog if he heard of him gallivanting on the far side of the Río Arriba. Likewise he wanted his sorrel horse back instant.

"What did ye do to him, Terencio?" asked the brother. "Take him back his horse," said Terencio with a gleam in his eye, "and tell him, bedad, that I'm crossin' the Arriba to-morrow by the lower ford."

And for three days following the young Terencio spent his afternoons in the patio of casa Santiuste while elder O'Donojús were refused admittance.

Then for a week he came no more, and one day Doña Mariana admitted Francisco.

"Where is Terencio?" she asked him.

Francisco looked at her. The poppy patches in her cheeks had faded, and her eyes flashed not at all.

"He has gone," he answered.

"Gone? Where?"

"He has gone courting," said Francisco. "Young as he is, the young scoundrel has a love affair, and he has gone to pay his respects to a girl down in the Department of Treinta-y-tres."

MARIANA arose, and, to Francisco's astonishment, her eye was like a jaguar's.

"Show Señor O'Donojús the door," she said, bitingly, to a servant, "and after this when any of the name of O'Donojús call, I am out even when I am in."

Francisco arose, furious.

"Madam," he said coldly, "if ye will receive no O'Donojús, I give ye warning ye shall receive no other

suitors. Those that come shall dance the first time, and the second they shall never dance again."

He went out and broke the news to his four dozen rivals of his family.

And sure enough, although Doña Mariana had a constant stream of suitors, twanging guitars under her window and warbling to the moon, riding by her side each time she went abroad, giving honeyed words for insults and smiles for scorn and calling it a fair exchange, bedad, they were all named O'Donojús.

OTHERS came at first and were politely invited to an O'Donojús baile, in the course of which their twinkling feet spurned a few lofty points in the fair young republic's topography, and then they sat down to think it over and get their wind in the next republic.

But Terencio came not, nor the outraged Francisco, and after a month or two of this, Mariana sent for one

Cohen, and he lives in some foreign country called Hellenback. I am his servant, and he says he will go to Presidio Río Arriba for the first day of the horse fair.

On the first day of the horse fair, which is also the anniversary of the republic's independence and the national holiday, Felipe, his eye skinned for O'Donojús, led his master through the crowded streets of Presidio Río Arriba to the celebrated posada of Antonio Miranda.

And all the O'Donojús would be there and, likewise, the only and lonely Doña Mariana Santiuste.

Señor Percy Montgomery, or Isador Cohen, sat in the patio of Señor Miranda's posada at a table, white with linen, shining with silver. The patio was a pleasant place—a great square drenched in blinding sunshine that made the white stucco of the surrounding casa dazzling; under a great awning Señor Miranda's guests

lunched and dined at fresco with the scent of the orange and lemon trees hanging about them so heavy and persistent that it seemed something tangible—palpable. Mr. Montgomery, or Cohen, was quite alone, the only other person visible being Señor Miranda himself, who sat on the opposite side of the patio reading the "Arabian Nights," a sort of Ali Baba guarding the door of his wine cellar.

Felipe the Wall-eyed had scoured the kitchen, and, under his stern orders, mozos came running with dish after dish—poultry and beef and venison and iguana, savory and biting with chile, that was very pleasant to a palate such as that of Percy Montgomery, or Isador Cohen, who had subsisted on goat chops all the way across the mountains from Ocos. And Ali Baba himself had three mozos lift up the iron-barred cellar door and descended, to emerge with a dust-cerusted something that he hugged as though it were filled with molten gold.

AND now Felipe himself came running with a spit on which were strung a half-dozen pigeons—things of the size of larks—brown, crisp, aromatic, and seductive—things to be eaten, bones and all, and he dreamed of after in the silent watches of the night.

"Felipe," said Percy Montgomery, or Isador Cohen, "you are the pearl of servants. Where did you find these?"

"I commandeered them, señor. They are the spoils of war."

Felipe's master at once fell to.

But the cook came running at Felipe's heels with woe and lamentation.

"Aye, Dios, aye, aye!" he wailed; "God preserve us all from violent deaths. He has taken Don Francisco's pigeons."

"What!!!!" cried Señor Miranda. "Don Francisco's pigeons!!!!"

"They are excellent," mumbled Percy Montgomery, or Isador Cohen, his mouth full. He had already eaten three of them.

"Señor," said the posadero, "do you know Don Francisco?"

"Not I," said Percy, or Isador, "but I can recommend his pigeons."

"Well, when he finds his pigeons are gone, there will be an uprising, an earthquake, a revolution, a massacre, and then a funeral, señor."

"Those things will do nicely for dessert," said Percy luxuriously, spearing the last pigeon.

"For dessert indeed—" began Señor Miranda, but he stopped short, for there was a young man of ferocious mien in tight trousers and a short coat and a ten-pound sombrero and a pair of forty-fives.

"Señor," said this one furiously, "d'ye know who I am?"

"I take it," said Percy, or Isador, yawning, "that you are the fomenter of revolution, the shaker of the earth, the perpetrator of massacre, and—the owner of the pigeons."

FRANCISCO was stunned at this jeer.

"You are making an extremely large noise about some extremely small pigeons, señor," went on Percy Montgomery; "moderate your gab or there will be a funeral—and the deceased shall have six pigeons engraved upon his tombstone—"

"Señor, did you ever hear the name of O'Donojús?" hissed Francisco IV.

"I contain myself with difficulty," said Percy Mont-

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"Show Señor O'Donojús the door, and after this when any of the name of O'Donojús call, I am out even when I am in"

of her servitors, a youth named Felipe, who, for that his eyes ambitiously sought to scan the whole horizon at once and thus fell down on teamwork, was surnamed Felipe the Wall-eyed.

"Felipe," she said, "there are no men here any longer—only O'Donojús, who sit on the neck of our country like an Old Man of the Sea—and poor little creatures who dance to these ruffians' music. I want you to find me a man—one who does not dance and will not dance. Bring him here to me, and if he can help me humiliate those four dozen wretches who have hounded me nigh to death because they would make love to me, and the one who broke my heart because he would not, I—I—will marry him. The man you find, I mean."

So she gave Felipe a bag of pesos, and he rode forth to look for a man.

FELIPE found him at Ocos. When Felipe came to Ocos the whole town was on the beach awaiting the arrival of a stranger who had evidently come from the steamer that lay in the offing, and who was negotiating the thirty feet of wetness that lay between the beached launch and terra firma on the shoulders of a saddle-colored son of the republic. The newcomer had a cigarette in his mouth, and was bipestoled like the noblest O'Donojús of them all; he had a map of the republic clutched in one hand and about twenty-seven other articles in the other. And Diogenes—who also looked for a man—would have needed no lantern for this one. For he had a head of hair that was like a lighthouse on a barren coast or a flaming pine tree in a wilderness.

Felipe that night sent a boy on a fast horse up to the Río Arriba with a note to his mistress.

It read:

SEÑORITA—I have found the man. I do not know if he dances, but I do not think he will dance unless he wishes. His name is either Percy Montgomery or Isador

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

ON THE fifty-sixth day after the opening, Congress passed a bill reducing the duties on steel and other metals. Of course, the bill passed the House less than four days after it was introduced, but no such expedition is possible in the Senate. The upper body is likely to spend weeks upon this one schedule; as there are more than ten schedules of major importance, the probable length of the present session can be guessed. From now on the tariff is liable to be dominant in both the House and the Senate.

THE REPUBLICAN INSURGENTS

IN THE VOTE to reduce the duties on steel, the Republican Insurgents showed about the same strength and almost the same personnel as three years ago. The twenty Insurgent Republicans who voted with the Democrats were:

From Minnesota—Charles R. Davis of St. Peter, Charles A. Lindbergh of Little Falls.

From Iowa—Gilbert N. Haugen of Worth County, Frank P. Woods of Estherville, Elbert H. Hubbard of Sioux City.

From Kansas—Victor Murdock of Wichita, Fred S. Jackson of Greenwood County, I. D. Young of Beloit.

From California—William Kent of Marin County, William D. Stephens of Los Angeles.

From Wisconsin—Irvine L. Lenroot of Superior, Elmer A. Morse of Antigo, John M. Nelson of Madison.

From Nebraska—George William Norris of McCook, Moses P. Kinkaid of O'Neill, Charles H. Sloan of Geneva.

From Washington—Stanton Warburton of Tacoma, William L. La Follette of Pullman.

From Oregon—A. W. Lafferty of Portland.

From North Dakota—H. T. Helgesen of Milton.

In the Senate it is probable that the Republican Insurgents will develop about the same strength as three years ago.

DEMOCRATS WHO BOLTED

THE THING that most endangers the prestige which the Democratic party now enjoys, which is likely to impair the people's confidence that the Democratic party will relieve them from tariff burdens, is the possibility of individual members deserting the party and voting with the Republicans on tariff schedules that affect their own localities. The entire Colorado delegation, three Democrats, voted with the Republicans against lower metal duties. They were:

Edward T. Taylor of Glenwood Springs, Atterson W. Rucker of Fort Logan, and John A. Martin of Pueblo.

Do these men in this action really represent all the people of Colorado or merely some wealthy mine owners? It has been said for the past year that the Democratic majority, under the leadership of Mr. Underwood, "works with the precision of the National City Bank." This is the first break of a kind to disturb the public's hope in the Democrats.

SMALL-SIZED STATESMANSHIP

WHEN the Democratic metal schedule was being considered, Mr. Hampton Moore, a Republican from Philadelphia, introduced this amendment:

Provided that no article of foreign manufacture upon which labor has been employed for more than eight hours per day shall be admitted into the United States.

Of course no man present believed that this amendment would receive serious consideration, or that it was introduced in good faith. Its purpose was to embarrass the Democrats at the moment, and to enable the Republicans, on the stump next summer, to say that the Democrats are doing something that will hurt labor. Congressman Dorsey W. Shackleford of Missouri achieved an excellent bit of strategy in a series of very pointed questions:

MR. SHACKLEFORD—The gentleman has been a long time a member of this House; he was a member when the Payne-Aldrich Bill was passed. Did he ever introduce an amendment of this kind before?

MR. MOORE of Pennsylvania—I have voted in favor of the eight-hour amendments, and I ask the other side for the same support that I have given their measures.

But Congressman Shackleford was not content with a single evasion; he pressed the question home:

MR. SHACKLEFORD—Will the gentleman answer; did he ever offer his amendment to the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill?

MR. MOORE of Pennsylvania—I voted for the Payne Tariff Bill.

MR. SHACKLEFORD—Did the gentleman offer this amendment or a similar one to the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill?

MR. MOORE of Pennsylvania—I offer this amendment now in good faith because I believe that it is in the interest of the workingmen.

MR. SHACKLEFORD—But the gentleman does not answer my question, and does

he not know that he does not and that he is playing buncombe politics, with a smile on his face, while we are trying to argue the question? [Laughter.]

Here is revealed the size of the contribution which the Republicans have to offer to an important work of statesmanship.

WHAT TAFT WILL DO

SOME LIGHT on what will be Taft's attitude toward the many tariff schedules which the Democrats are going to pass may be had from a glance at a message which he sent to Congress more than a year ago, on December 6, 1910:

The halt in business and the shock to business due to the announcement that a new tariff bill is to be prepared and put in operation will be avoided by treating the schedules one by one as occasion shall arise for a change in the rates of each.

This suggestion has been adopted by the Democrats; they are dealing with the tariff schedule by schedule (though it is said that some of the Democrats in the Senate will wait until enough schedules have come up from the Lower House, whereupon they will amalgamate them into a complete tariff bill and attempt to pass the result as a substitute for the Payne-Aldrich Bill in its entirety). But President Taft went on to say:

And only after a report upon the schedule by the Tariff Board competent to make such report.

This part of President Taft's admonition is ignored by the Democrats. They contend that the people must have immediate relief, without waiting for the Tariff Board. Probably later on in this session the Democrats will pass a wool bill based on the Tariff Board's report on that one schedule.

WHAT IS LIKELY TO HAPPEN

THE more dependable opinion of those who are well-informed is to the effect that the Democrats will pass a large number of tariff schedules without waiting for the Tariff Board, and that President Taft will veto them on the ground that no schedule should be passed except upon information reported by the Tariff Board; the session will end without any tariff legislation, and the Presidential campaign next fall will be fought upon the tariff issue. The Democrats feel they have nothing to lose by such a result.

THE LONG WAIT

THE PRESENT tariff bill became a law on August 5, 1909. There has not been one minute of any hour of any day since then when a majority of the people have ceased to want it changed. It will be at least three years, probably much longer, before the change comes.

BERGER, THE SOCIALIST

THE ONE Socialist member of Congress, Victor Berger of Milwaukee, since he first came to Washington a year ago, has grown continuously in the favorable opinion of those who have observed his official career. Members who apprehended that because he was a Socialist he would be unreasonable, and impossibly radical, have been disappointed. Mr. Berger rarely takes extreme ground. During the consideration of the tariff on steel he said:

We have built entire industries upon the tariff. They cannot stand a quick and total reduction. That would unsettle conditions, close workshops and deprive thousands of wage earners of their jobs.

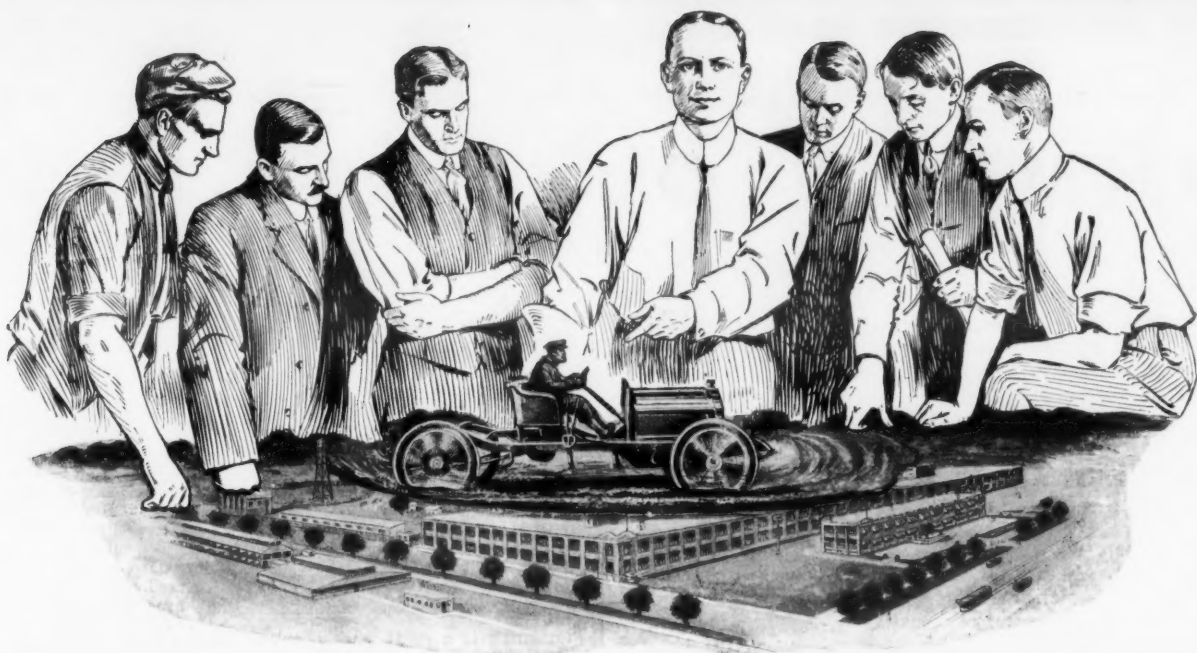
But Mr. Berger permitted no doubt that he would vote for present Democratic reduction:

I am going to vote with the Democrats, because they are taking off some of the duty on iron and steel, and because the working class does not get any benefit from the tariff as it is.

There is not a Democrat or a Republican in either the House or Senate who considers himself sufficiently free from his party ties to take a stand on the tariff as fair and reasonable as Mr. Berger's.

TWO SENATORS FROM A SINGLE STATE

ONE of the ablest Senators is Borah of Idaho; the other Senator from Idaho is different. Mr. Borah is sponsor for the bill to create a Federal bureau for investigating child life. Senator Heyburn is its most stubborn opponent. He painted the picture of the Greek state which took children from the cradle and mixed them up so that no parent could recognize his own. He said the country would be headed that way if the present bill should pass. Bailey of Texas was less gloomy than Heyburn, but more violent. He said it was a "whimsical philanthropy which some nice old ladies, who had nothing to do, had formulated and were trying to pass."



This Body of Engineers Build a New "33"—Self-Starting

Howard E. Coffin and his Board of Engineers have built their master car—a car you start by merely pressing a button.

These men practice the highest engineering principles the world knows.

Engineers from abroad come here to study under these men. Their chief—like Thomas A. Edison in electricity—drives the milestones of automobile advancement. He and his men in other years designed the motors for more than a dozen manufacturers. Eighty per cent of all the better quality American cars have on them features designed by Mr. Coffin.

He had *previously* built five famous cars—the industry's *leaders*. Each, in their time, was the car of the year. They were so far ahead of their day that several are still sold as leaders in their class.

The latest and greatest achievement of these skilled engineers is the **New Self-Starting HUDSON "33."**

You Press a Button to Start the Motor

That explains the operation.

A child can do it as easily as it can push a button that rings an electric bell.

It is like switching on the current that runs an electric fan.

Yet the self-starting device of the **New HUDSON "33"** is not operated by electricity nor is it operated by compressed air.

It has neither the weight nor complications common to all starters of those types.

It weighs but 4½ pounds and has only 12 parts. Electric starters weigh 175 to 200 pounds—as much as the weight of an extra passenger. Compressed air starters weigh 60 to 75 pounds.

Starts Instantly in Winter

Our engineers tested all types of self-starters. None other was acceptable.

This one started the motor 98 times in every 100 trials. Thousands of tests were made. Cold weather did not affect it. A motor was kept in cold storage for a week. The temperature was 5 degrees below freezing. Ice covered the cylinders. But the motor started at the first operation of the starter.

Other types were not so successful.

Ask any owner of a **New Self-starting HUDSON "33"** how his self-starter operates these cold days.

All distinctive features cannot be enumerated here. Their number is too great. But among them is an advance design which eliminates almost 1000 parts—Demountable rims—BIG tires—an accessibility that puts all important parts and all oiling places within easy reach. Enclosed valves, dust proof bearings throughout. Fan in flywheel. A clutch so good that drivers never know they have a clutch, because of its freedom from trouble.

The Quietest, Simplest and Handsomest of All

It is the quietest automobile built. It has power that will shoot it—with full load—up mountain sides—through sand and mud and always with a sensation of strength and of flying that is utterly lacking in many cars.

The springs are of the most flexible, yet non-breakable vanadium steel. People compare the **New HUDSON "33"** in riding comfort to cars of double its weight and cost.

It is pronounced by experts as the most graceful in line of any car regardless of price. In finish, in upholstery and in every detail of luxurious convenience it ranks in the class of \$2,500 automobiles.

Haven't you at least a curiosity to see Howard E. Coffin's **New HUDSON "33."**

Its great simplicity will be a revelation to you.

At all the important automobile shows this year it will have its most advantageous display, for there it can, at close hand, be compared with all other cars.

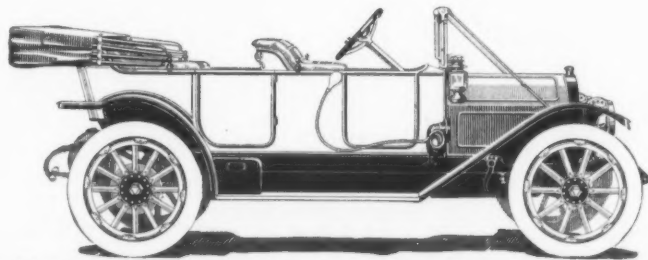
Printed descriptions—advertised promises and pictures are often too alluring and many cars do not fulfill the expectations the advertising has created.

We cannot do justice to the car in a printed description, and therefore ask you to go to see it, compare it with other cars you think well of.

You will marvel at the value Mr. Coffin has incorporated in this last creation.

Go see the **New Self-starting HUDSON "33" NOW**. So popular was his last year's "33" that more than 2000 failed to get the cars they had ordered, for we could not build them fast enough.

We are leaders today in the number of new cars delivered and still the shortage continues. Better see the **New HUDSON "33"** before all these models too are sold.



The price for either of three models—Touring, five-passenger—Torpedo, four-passenger or Roadster, two-passenger—is \$1600. Not a cent more is needed to equip either car before it is ready for use, for top, "Disco" Self-Starter, Demountable rims, BIG tires, windshield, large gas tank, magneto—dual ignition system—and all things usually listed as extras are included. Write for illustrations showing how the **New HUDSON "33"** is simpler than any other car.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7235 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.



The Royal Typewriter Endorsed by "Big Business"

Many of the largest and most exacting concerns in America have adopted the Royal as their standard typewriter equipment.

They began by trying one machine; they now use hundreds. They could afford any typewriter; they use the Royal because they have proved that for efficiency, combined with economy, the Royal stands without equal among all typewriters.

Let this truth sink deep. It emphasizes why you owe it to yourself and your firm to get the facts concerning the Royal. Here are a few of them:

- Fact 1**—The Royal is unconditionally guaranteed to do highest grade work for a longer time, at less upkeep expense, than machines usually listed 33 1/3 per cent. higher in price.
- Fact 2**—The Royal has every desirable feature and improvement to be found in any typewriter, with several features exclusively Royal.
- Fact 3**—The Royal has established a new standard of typewriter endurance. We have yet to learn of a single Royal wearing out in reasonable service.
- Fact 4**—There are fewer Royal repair men today, per thousand machines in use, than for any other typewriter.
- Fact 5**—When you buy a Royal, you deal with a world-wide organization, with unlimited resources to back up its machine.

There are many other facts you ought to know about this marvel among typewriters. They are interestingly told in

"The Royal Book"—write for it!

DEMONSTRATION! Best concerns everywhere are having the New Model 5 Royal demonstrated in their offices. Let us do this for you. No matter where you are, write to our New York office and our branch near you will give you prompt attention.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., Room 62, Royal Typewriter Building, New York
Branch Offices and Agencies in all Principal Cities of the World

We Guarantee

That the Royal Standard Typewriter is made of the highest grade materials obtainable and by the most skillful workmen money can hire.

That it will do work of the best quality for a greater length of time at less expense for upkeep than any other typewriter, regardless of price.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY

New Model 5

The latest development in typewriters—has Two-color Ribbon, Tabulator, Back Spacer; also Hinged Paper Fingers, Tilting Paper Table, Roller-bearing Escapement, Dust Shields, and other desirable improvements to be found only in the Royal. Price \$75, everything included, no extras.

Pens that have elasticity—make either a fine or a coarse stroke—and don't stay spread—retain perfect writing points after long, hard use.

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Steel, tempering, grinding—they do it.

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What chance have you to become a motive force in the business as long as your brain is chained to the rutting routine of figure work?

Save your time and mental energy for the real problems of office management—initiative effort—something worth while.

Let the Comptometer do the machine work—use your head for something better.

By simply pressing the keys—no other motion—all your additions, multiplications, divisions, subtractions are made with the Comptometer. Handles fractions as easily as whole numbers. Makes figuring of every kind what it should be—a purely mechanical operation.

Write for our booklet "Rapid Mechanical Calculation;" or the machine itself on free trial, prepaid U. S. or Canada.

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ADDS DIVIDES
MULTIPLIES SUBTRACTS

"Ah! That's Better—Two Hours' Work in One!"

BRICKBATS & BOUQUETS

EVERY now and then when reading COLLIER'S WEEKLY we think we are reading "Punch" or "Puck."

—Louisville (Ky.) Post.

In case our constitutional convention makes a creditable record, we suppose either Colonel Roosevelt or COLLIER'S WEEKLY will contrive to get the credit for it.—Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

The main fault with Young Turks is that they do not read COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

—New York Il Giornale Italiano.

We endeavor to maintain a fearless attitude on all questions, such as is carried out successfully by COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

—Indianapolis (Ind.) Sun.

COLLIER'S is a great weekly, splendidly free, but it is the property of a wealthy man, and, with all its glorious oppugnacity to things wrong, it seems inclined to deal with social and economic symptoms rather than with the disease from which the symptoms spring.

—St. Louis (Mo.) Mirror.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, a New York publication of much energy and merit and much more courage than judgment, has lowered its visor, tilted its lance at just the proper angle, spurred its trusty charger to a joyous gallop and has ridden into the lists to do battle for Presidential primaries. The dust is very thick, chokingly thick, and has been so for some time because of the prancing Collier steed.

—Salt Lake City (Utah) Herald.

There is one journal of national influence and standing, COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which has not scrupled to tell the truth about the trusts, whether that truth were favorable or otherwise.

—Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.

Perhaps the bitterest foe that the special interests have to contend with at the present time is COLLIER'S WEEKLY. This magazine has carried on a consistent warfare against the privileged classes. It was the originator of the fight against Ballinger, and it has been active in the conservation work throughout the country. There is no doubt that Wall Street would like to get COLLIER'S if it could. This magazine is backed by the millions of its proprietor, however, and it is a question of how long the fight will last.

—Perth Amboy (N.J.) News.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the paper which procured the great bulk of the appropriation for muckraking Alaska by its enemies, has been quiet for the last five months and has not once come back.

—Cordova (Alaska) Daily Alaskan.

"The delays and uncertainty of criminal law," says President Taft, "are a disgrace to our civilization." But just let COLLIER'S magazine say so, and it is classed as an Anarchist.—Topeka (Kans.) Capital.

As if it were not enough for the Insurgents to be all at sea and without a leader in their own ranks, now comes COLLIER'S WEEKLY . . . praising Senator Aldrich. From expressions that have come from Senator Bristow, Kansas's chief Insurgent, the impression has gone abroad that Senator Aldrich is little less than a dragon, seeking whom he may devour and devouring most of those whom he sought. But now COLLIER'S throws real consternation into the confusion.

—Topeka (Kans.) Journal.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is the greatest man's magazine in America. It is the only magazine of its class we know of which is taken by many people for its editorials alone. No other magazine contains editorials so interesting, so illuminating, so fair, and so fearless. The "Comment on

Congress," by Mark Sullivan, is a page of political analysis which should be read by every patriotic American. The news articles give the reader a clear insight into the important events of the world's progress. The fiction is always unusual and original, though sometimes we don't like it. Taken all in all, we think it is easily the greatest magazine in the country and lifts the chips from more bugs, rights more wrongs, and does more good than any other.

—Higginsville (Mo.) Jeffersonian.

An Eastern Uplight weekly is conducting a still hunt for that member of the board of managers of the Carnegie Foundation who gave out the information that Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey has applied to the Foundation for a pension and was refused. . . . The attempt of the weekly to sidetrack the public gaze from the chief figure is not likely to succeed. The managers of the Foundation are to be congratulated for throwing such strong light on Woodrow Wilson's character.—Salt Lake City (Utah) Herald-Republican.

FRANKLIN, PA.

I would like to ask that you give less mention to the name of Roosevelt. He is a selfish, vain, abnormally conceited man, and one without principle and honor. He ought to be holed and the hole plugged up, for his actions are a stench in the nostrils of all honest men. As I said in my previous letter, I am at a great loss to understand why COLLIER'S WEEKLY has taken to championing such a faithless and perfidious person. Drop him.

THOMAS MATTHEWS.

The last paragraph above ought to be sent to Mr. Sullivan, for his exceptionally fine page is badly marred by this frequency of the use of that name.

COLLIER'S National Weekly is distinctly popular, modern in its attitude toward political and sociological problems of the day, inclined to challenge some old practices, but, in the main, fair-minded. Its illustrations are good.

—Waco (Texas) Times-Herald.

Current news continues to confirm Carl Snyder's astonishing revelations in COLLIER'S as to crime in America.

—Sioux City (Iowa) Tribune.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is now insisting that Kansas have a special session of the Legislature to enact a Presidential primary law. COLLIER'S is coming a long way to find fellows to turn its grindstone.

—Osborne (Kans.) Farmer.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which is inclined to reflect thoroughly before it indorses a financial proposition, puts Southern securities right at the front of investments which it would be well to look into before buying elsewhere.—Uncle Remus's Home Magazine, Atlanta, Ga.

The President has applied the straw to the Collier camel's back.

—Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette.

COLLIER'S has resumed its attacks on the patent medicines. And just at a time when we may be needing something for the grip.—Des Moines (Iowa.) Tribune.

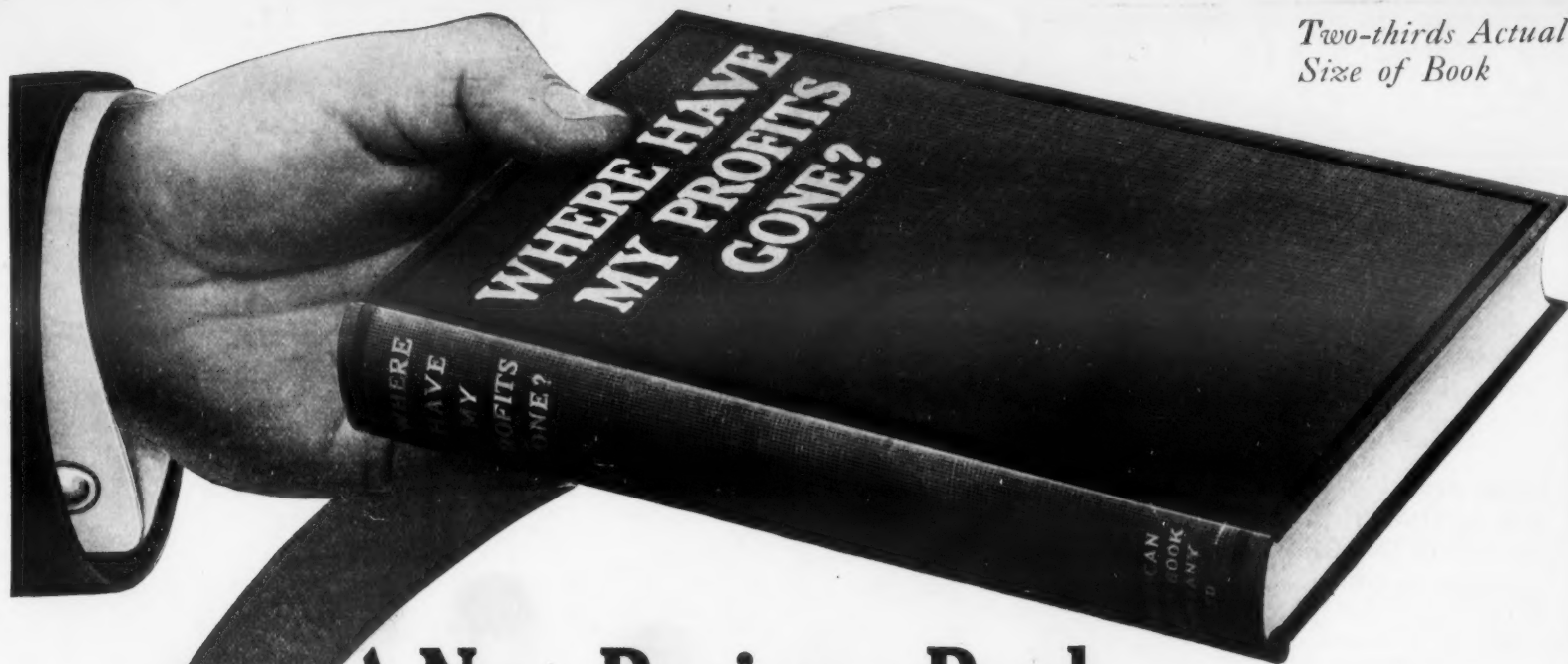
Montaigne says: "After a tongue has once got the knack of lying, it is almost impossible to reclaim it."

COLLIER'S—"The National Weekly," so-called—illustrated in nearly every one of its issues the truth of this aphorism. . . . COLLIER'S is essentially reckless, biased, proscriptive, and domineering in the field of politics and journalism. . . .

This tribute to Heney will provoke laughter from those who know that loud-voiced disciple of Anarch, and will cause even his own brazen features to be irradiated with a derisive smile . . . a bracketing of Judas with COLLIER'S would have been unjust to Judas, who had the grace to go and hang himself—something that COLLIER'S will never do.

—Los Angeles (Cal.) Sunday Times.

Two-thirds Actual
Size of Book



A New Business Book Free To Business Men

One Manufacturer says, "This book stands in a class by itself. It has been as interesting to me as any book that I have ever read. I am going to read it again."

The Manager of a branch office writes, "It is simply immense."

An Insurance Official writes, "If every man in the United States could have a copy great good would result from it."

The Advertising Manager of a nationally known manufacturing company writes, "It is an addition to the business literature of the time. It has given us ideas and stimulus for our work."

A Banker, known in two continents, writes, "I am very much pleased with this book."

Orders are being received for this book at the rate of nearly 3000 per day. Within two days after our first announcement appeared, orders from over 200 different kinds of businesses were received, including

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Coal Dealers
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Druggists
Dry Goods Stores
Dress Makers
Dairy Stores
Electrical Stores
Express Companies
Engine Manufacturers

Foundries
Furniture and Furnishings
Furriers
Feed and Grain Stores
General Stores
Grocers
Gold-Platers
Haberdashers and Hatters
Hardware and Implements
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Machinery Houses
Manufacturers
Milliners
Opticians
Oil and Perfume Manufacturers
Paints and Wall Papers
Pig Iron Dealers
Printers
Professional Men
Publishers
Public Service Corporations
Produce Dealers

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Furthermore, big progressive business houses are requesting prices on this book in quantity lots for presenting a copy to each one of their employees as an education towards increasing their efficiency. It is evident from the tremendous response to our first announcement that the whole business world has been waiting for this book, or something that will throw a clear light on the conservation of profits.

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This 256 page cloth-bound book will be sent free, postpaid, to any man in business who will fill out the coupon, attach it to his firm's letter head, state whether he is proprietor, manager, superintendent, representative, or whatever position he holds with the firm, and send to us. This coupon is required merely to prevent the sending of this expensive work to those not connected officially with some business. Others who desire a copy of "Where Have My Profits Gone?" can obtain it by sending \$1.50, plus 12 cents for postage. The first edition is limited to 25,000 copies. Requests will be filled in the order of their receipt. Mail yours today.

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**LOOK FOR
THE AUTOMATIC
SAFETY IN THE GRIP**

It makes the COLT take care of itself in preventing accidental discharge. No thought or attention required by the shooter.

SAVES WORRY!

**ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU
A COLT .25, .32 OR .380
AUTOMATIC PISTOL**

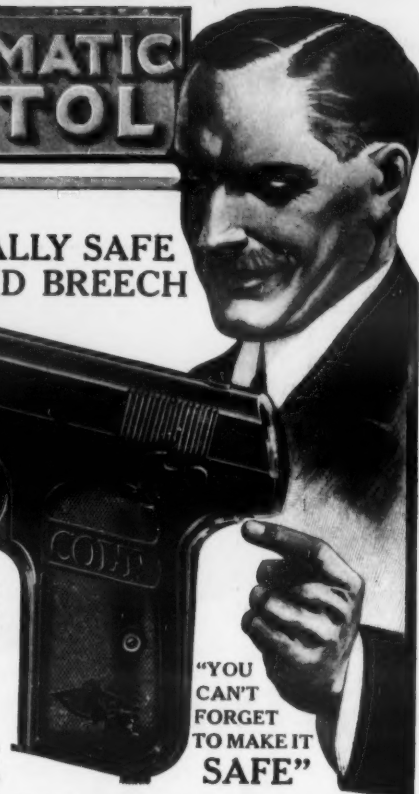
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This allows you to put a COLT in your pocket, hand-bag or other convenient place **LOADED AND COCKED—READY FOR INSTANT USE** without risk of accidental discharge. The **SLIDE LOCK SAFETY** can be thrown on if desired making the COLT **DOUBLY SAFE**. This is an additional rather than an essential protective device. The COLT is always safe—it takes care of itself—and you.

The COLT **HAMMERLESS AUTOMATIC PISTOL** has no working parts exposed—no hammer to catch in the pocket. The COLT **SAFETIES** indicate whether or not the pistol is cocked. Remember COLTS have proved their superiority over all others.

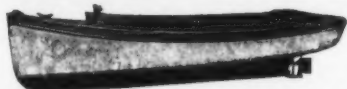
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**BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE
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An air gun that will shoot through one-half inch pine easily. Many times more powerful than spring guns. Uses compressed air, same as air brakes, rock drills, etc. 15c pays for 1,000 shots. (Delivered 30 cents). Practical for small game. 21 inches long. Walnut stock. Nickel barrel. Takes down. Fully Guaranteed. Sold by dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry it, write us. Sent prepaid east of Rocky Mountains on receipt of \$2.50. Pacific Coast and Far West Countries \$3.00. Circular free. Benjamin Air Rifle & Mfg. Co., 2006 Frisco Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



The above cut shows our 20 ft. special launch with 3 H.P. engine, price \$275. We also carry in stock 17-25 and 30 ft. open launches and 30-36 and 42 ft. Railed deck cruisers. Two and four cycle motors from 2 to 50 H.P.

Catalog M. of Motors free, catalog B. of Boats free.
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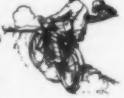
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Can You Ask for Better Reasons for Using

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In U. S. Army tests, they have taken first place more often than any other brand. Our *Non-Mercuric Primer* has several vitally important points of superiority.

It contains no powdered glass to be ground into and rip away the lands, thus spoiling the rifling. It is vastly cleaner and has much less tendency to foul the barrel than any other primer. It is wholly without the inevitable tendency of mercury fulminate to make brass brittle.

After the superiority of U. S. Ammunition was demonstrated by the severe tests of the U. S. Ordnance officers, the Government abandoned, several years ago, the use of old-fashioned ground glass and mercury primers in its service ammunition.

The list of matches in which U. S. Cartridges have won the highest honors would be monotonously long. If you want to learn the character and standing of U. S. Cartridges. ASK ANY EXPERT.

US CARTRIDGE CO., LOWELL, MASS.
DEPT. 9
Makers of THE BLACK SHELLS

The Tide at Morea

(Continued from page 19)

He could swim like a fish, of course, but no one could swim in that tide rip. It's terrific. Come along back to Joe's. I'm tired."

SHE turned away, but Hull stopped her and took her in his arms. He said:

"Thank God, I've found you again! There's never been anybody else for me in all these years. Never anybody like you. We'll make a better go of it this time. Believe me! We're going to be happy, old girl."

"I hope so, Tony," she said. And she kissed him rather solemnly.

"You'll do what you can for me in this—this business about the pearl? It's everything to us, you know. It's sink or swim."

"I'll do what I can, Tony," she said.

And he said: "There's a dear!" And they turned away homeward.

But the next afternoon she came to him white and shivering. She had been sitting on a remote stretch of the beach with Fairford. She said:

"Tony, I can't go on with it. I can't. If this thing means life or death to us it means life or death to that boy as well. I've been talking to him. He's told me the whole story."

"Well?" said the man who called himself Hull. He watched her face keenly, with a hard, alert eye, and there was a hard tone in his voice, too, if the woman had listened.

SHE said: "That magnificent young imbecile has been through nearly three years of the most incredible, the most unthinkable, horrors because he loved a girl in Sydney, and because she sent him, to prove his love, on a wild-goose chase after the Harvest Moon."

"The girl," said Mr. Hull, "was either a fool or a blackguard, and doesn't deserve the Harvest Moon. That's plain enough."

"Oh, Tony!" cried the woman. "She was a fool. Of course she was a fool. She didn't know what she was doing. This poor boy was a gay, light-hearted young flâneur who'd never been serious about anything in his life—so far as anyone could tell. She couldn't believe he was serious about her. She had to find out somehow and so she did this fantastic thing. She must have done it half as a joke. It must have seemed to her like saying: 'Go and fetch me the sun and stars!' She wanted to see how he'd take it, don't you understand? She didn't know what she was sending him into. How could she know?"

"Well?" demanded Hull in an expressionless tone.

"Oh, Tony! Think how he loves her! I didn't know there was love like that in the world. He talked to me about it an hour ago. It was heart-breaking, but it was very beautiful. I think I cried a little. . . . You see, he looks at this tremendous quest of his as a proof of himself in a deeper sense than the girl meant it. He says he'd never done anything worth while before in his life, and so, when the girl he loved set him this to do, he swore he'd do it or die trying. It is all very medieval and absurd, if you like, but that's how he saw it. He swore he'd never go back to her without the Harvest Moon. He—he believes in God, you see, and he thought that if God found his love big enough and worthy enough, He'd give him the Harvest Moon in the end."

"Well, in the end, God gave it to him, and he's on his way back to the girl now. He's half dead, but he won't die. His love will keep him up. I'm sure of that."

THE man who called himself Hull walked up and down before Mrs. Nevil with his head between his hands. He wasn't quite a monster of iniquity. He wasn't hard all through and through. Mrs. Nevil watched him, gripping her hands tight together in her lap.

"For God's sake, Nellie," he burst out at last. "For God's sake, let me be!" His face worked bitterly for a moment. He said:

"You can't change the facts. If I drop the game the Harvest Moon goes to Australia to hang about the neck of a silly girl and satisfy her silly vanity. Oh, I know that poor young devil Fairford has been through hell to get it for her, but I'd feel sorrier if he'd suffered in a better cause. Well, there you have it! The Harvest Moon goes to hang round a girl's neck or else it serves to remake a couple of lives—yours and mine. I needn't ask you which is better?"

But Mrs. Nevil shook her head.

"You're wrong about one point, Tony. Young Fairford doesn't mean to hang the pearl about the neck of the girl in Sydney

—not for long, that is. He's no fool. And, besides, he knows how unlucky it is. He means to sell it. You see, they're rather poor, both of them. Young Fairford will come into an Irish title one of these days—a peerage, at that. And the money'll make it possible for him to lead a proper, decent life and start his children in the world. So you see—"

"Yes," said Hull. "Yes, I see." His face was flushed and he was breathing quickly. "I see just what you're getting at. It's those two lives against ours. That's what you mean, eh?"

"That's what I mean, Tony," she said, nodding. "It's those two honest, clean, wholesome young lives against two others that have already had their chance and lost it—two lives that are middle-aged already and poisoned and spoiled—bad through and through. Tony, you can't take their chance away from those children. You aren't. It would be too fiendish—too vile."

"Can't I?" said Hull, looking at her under his brows. "Oho! can't I? Just you wait and see!" His face was still flushed and his lips drawn tight. He had the air of a man who has hardened himself deliberately—willfully flogged himself to anger.

"When it comes to the point of life against life," said he, "you'll find me fighting tooth and nail, horse and foot for my own life. I won't argue with you about rights and wrongs. It's just as wrong and fiendish and vile and anything else as you may please to call it. I don't care. I'm going to have the Harvest Moon or die trying—and I won't ask for your help either. That's understood. I was a fool to ask for it in the beginning."

"It'll be the end of young Fairford, Tony," she said, very white. The man gave a sudden savage little laugh.

"Yes, I think it'll be the end of him," he conceded. But at that Mrs. Nevil came close to him and stared into his face. She touched him with her hand.

"Did you make me a certain promise or did you not?"

"Did I?" asked Mr. Hull politely. "Did I, now? If so I've quite forgotten it."

MRS. NEVIL put up her hands over her face with an exceedingly bitter cry.

"And this," she said between her sobs, "is the man I have loved for more than ten years. I wish I had died before ever I saw you again. I wish I could die now." She turned blindly away from him down the path between the coco palms, but Hull sprang after her and caught her in his arms. He was shaking and had to fight for his words. He said:

"No, no! Don't you go away from me like that! Don't you do it. Nellie! Hang it, I'm not an absolute brute. But I can't—you drove me to that. You made me angry. I— Look here, old girl, you mustn't cut in on this show. We don't see things alike, you know, and we never shall—not about fighting for one's own hand. I'm fighting for my life, here—and yours, too. Everybody else has just got to go under. You see, the trouble with you is your feelings have been all harrowed up. You're not yourself. You leave it all to me and it'll come right somehow. It's got to. It's my last chance, old girl. If this fails, I step off the hill—or cut my throat."

"Do you mean that, Tony?" she asked him, looking into his face. She had calmed herself a little. And he nodded his head.

"Yes, my dear, I've been ready to end things more than once. I'm devilish tired, to tell you the truth."

"So am I, Tony!" she whispered. "Oh, so am I! Couldn't we—take that way instead of the other?"

"Not while the Harvest Moon's within reach," said he, laughing. And she sighed, and spoke no more just then.

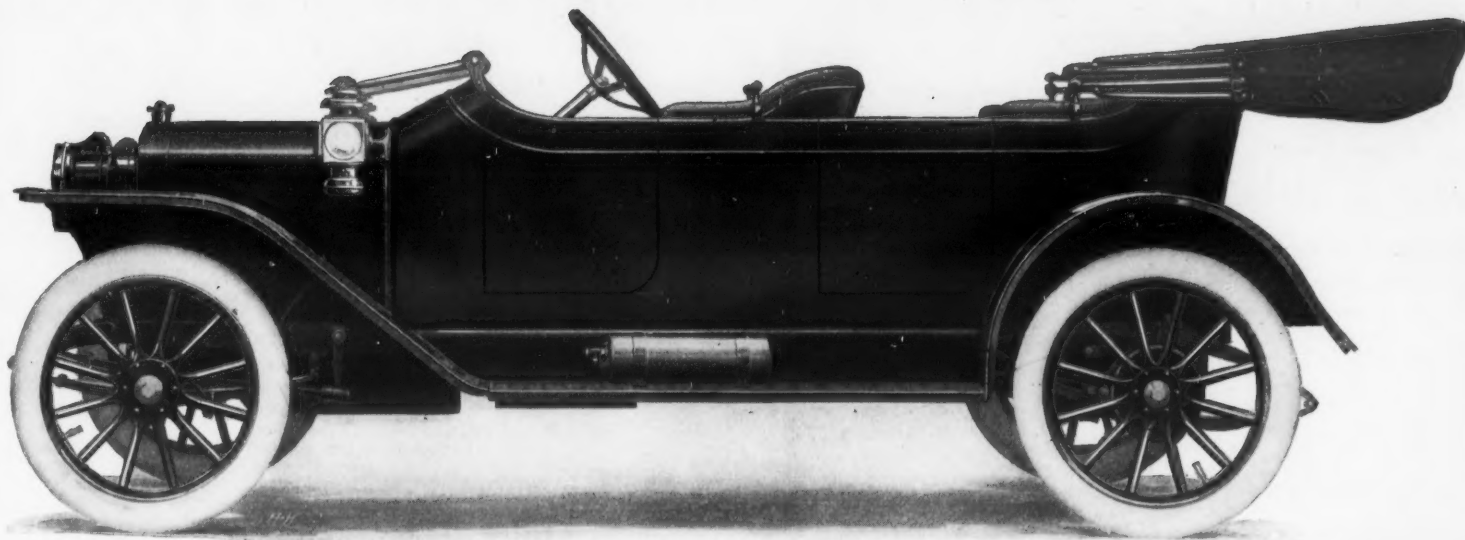
But she laid siege to him again the next morning, and Hull, who had had a bad night and was irritable, flew out at her and said some hard things. He apologized afterward and took it all back, but the woman could see that he was in no yielding mood and so let him alone.

SHE had passed a bad night herself and had had a horrible dream in which young Fairford rose, dead and wet and dripping, from the sea and stared at her with his drowned eyes.

She couldn't be still, but wandered restlessly in the palm and orange groves or beside the sea. She tried to harden herself, to make herself like Hull, and called up none too gentle pictures out of her own past to help her, but it was no good. She hadn't prayed for a good many years, but she prayed now, in agony. That seemed to be no good either.

"If only I hadn't loved him so! If only he didn't trust me!" she said more than

The First Touring Car Under \$1000 With Self-Starter



R-C-H
\$950

F. O. B. Detroit

MODEL SS

"Twenty-Five" 5-passenger touring car
110-inch wheelbase



Equipped with *self-starter*, 32 x 3 1/2 tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick-detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools, and tire repair kit, *long stroke motor*, 3 speeds, enclosed valves, magneto.

Any manufacturer can claim that his car is the best on the market for the money—most manufacturers do. In considering the R-C-H, let's put the judgment up to you for a change. You read motor-car announcements day after day—have you ever seen a value approaching this?

If we took every price-mark from this page, leaving merely the equipment details and specifications; if you had to fix the price of the R-C-H by comparison

with any previous standard of car value—you'd say \$2000—or more. And when we tell you that no \$5000 car could be better built—that \$2000 will not buy you as great value anywhere else, we **want you to challenge those statements.**

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The motor is the first adaptation in this country of the long stroke idea so successful abroad. And the motor is really long stroke (3 1/4 x 5) with just the proper relation of stroke to bore that the best engineering practice has demonstrated to be most economical and efficient. It should be borne in mind that merely making the stroke of a motor

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5-passenger Touring Car.....	\$850
Touring Roadster.....	800
Roadster.....	700
(Equipped for 4 Passengers).....	750
Colonial Coupe.....	1050

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Specifications: MOTOR—4 cylinders, cast en bloc—3 1/4 inch bore, 5 inch stroke. Two-bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension. DRIVE—left hand. Irreversible worm gear, 16 inch wheel. CONTROL—Center lever operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. SPRINGS—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. FRAME—Pressed steel channel. AXLES—Front, I-Beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. BODY—English type, extra wide front seats. WHEEL BASE—110 inches. Full equipment quoted above.

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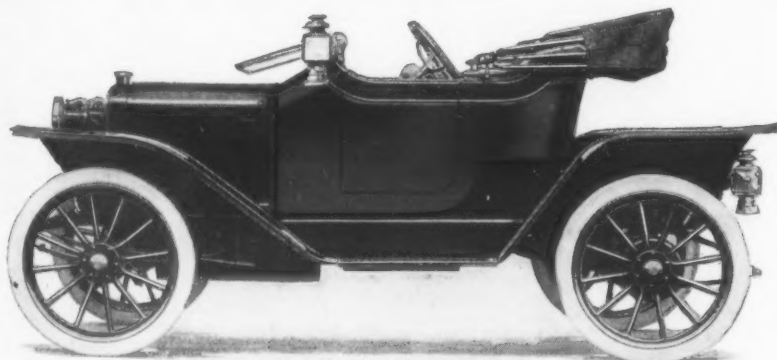
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109 Lycaste Street, DETROIT, MICH.

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Dealers: We have already under way an advertising campaign on the R-C-H which will reach every nook and corner of the country. Color pages and spreads in such national mediums as the Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Life, Leslie's, Literary Digest, Scientific American and others are being used. The same thing is being done in trade papers. And large display space in local newspapers everywhere completes the campaign. We have hundreds of dealers now—we have room for many more. The public response to the R-C-H announcements is tremendous and country-wide. We need you—if you're the right man in the right place—to help fill this demand. Write, wire, 'phone or call—but do it quickly.

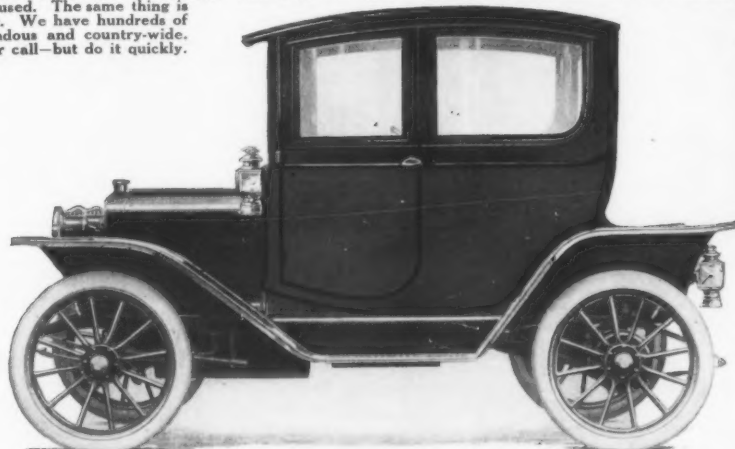


MODEL SS

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" English Body Roadster

\$800
F. O. B. Detroit

Equipped with *self-starter*, 32 x 3 1/2 tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick-detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools and tire repair kit—*long stroke motor*—3 speeds—enclosed valves—magneto.
Touring Roadster, same equipment, \$900. Extra large gasoline and oil capacity. Wheelbase of roadsters, 86 inches—other specifications same as touring car.



MODEL SS

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" Colonial Coupe

\$1150
F. O. B. Detroit

Specifications:—Enclosed body; drop seat for third person; 100 ampere hour lighting battery. Full equipment includes 2 electric lamps, combination electric and oil side and tail lamps. Other specifications and complete equipment same as roadster.
In no closed car at any price will you get greater comfort, service and beauty than this.

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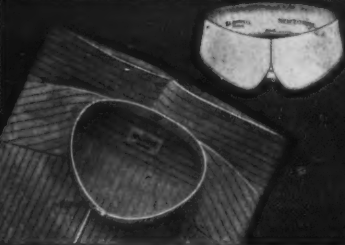
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No button strain. Pants hang smoothly. Finest webbing, with best leather and brass trimmings.

Guaranteed to satisfy.

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Can't Slip From Shoulders



In this soap we have caught the fragrance of real violets

Send 2c. in stamps today for a Sample Cake

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., Dept. T, CINCINNATI

28

The Tide at Morea

(Continued from page 26)

once, wringing her hands together. That was when she had been almost at the point of warning young Fairford and her love for Hull wouldn't let her do it. She came upon the man himself during the afternoon, and said without preamble:

"What if I warn the boy?"

Hull answered her: "If you put Fairford on his guard against me, I'll shoot him down at sight, take the pearl and run for it. I know some natives here who'd hide me, and I'd manage to get away to the southern group in a canoe. At least I'd try it. It would be worth the gamble. Just you hold your tongue, Nellie, and don't be a fool!"

She turned away from him with earth and sky wheeling before her and went off to a lonely spot beside the sea.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" She prayed again desperately, begging God for a sign, but God was as silent as the blue sky behind which she imagined him to live, and she had to face her anguish alone—unaided.

THAT Hull meant to do murder in order to possess himself of the Harvest Moon and to be rid of subsequent suspicion or pursuit she had no longer any doubt. The man was desperate—his back against the wall. He would stop at nothing, not even that. She hid her eyes before that terrible word—tried to stop her ears against it, but it seemed to her to fill all the universe—to be written across the world in gigantic fiery letters.

And there was no way to stop him. If she told young Fairford, Hull would infallibly do as he had said; would even having seen that ill-omened jewel the man had been bewitched by it—made mad, and it seemed as if nothing now could save him from blood-guiltiness but death itself.

She crept in from her hour of agony white and shivering, but was somehow able, in that marvelous way women have, to present a calm face at the luncheon table. Hull, as if ashamed of his earlier violence, was unusually gentle, took most of the conversation upon himself and spared her all he could.

They were to sail on the next day at noon, but toward ten o'clock Mrs. Nevil came to Hull where he was packing the last of his effects into a small hand bag, the heavier articles having already gone on board the steamer.

"What a nuisance!" she said. "We're not to sail until four. Anderson—if that's his name—has just sent word."

Hull, as jumpy as a chased cat, flew into a rage and was all for dashing down to the pier and telling Anderson just what he thought of him.

"By all means go down if you like," agreed Mrs. Nevil. "Only you'll have to climb that hill again in a hot sun. I shall stay here—or no, on second thought, I think I'll walk along the shore road under the palms. There's always a breeze there. You can come with me if you care to."

HULL was still ill-tempered, growled over his packing, seemed inclined to lay the blame for this delay upon Mrs. Nevil, but in the end, when he had strapped the little hand bag, allowed himself to be borne off up the shore road where the two had walked together that first evening. Once he asked abruptly where Fairford was, and Mrs. Nevil said with some indifference that she didn't know.

"I dare say he's down at the wharf."

She made no further reference to the boy—no further move to reopen the old discussion, and Hull, after a sidelong look, breathed his relief and was visibly cheered.

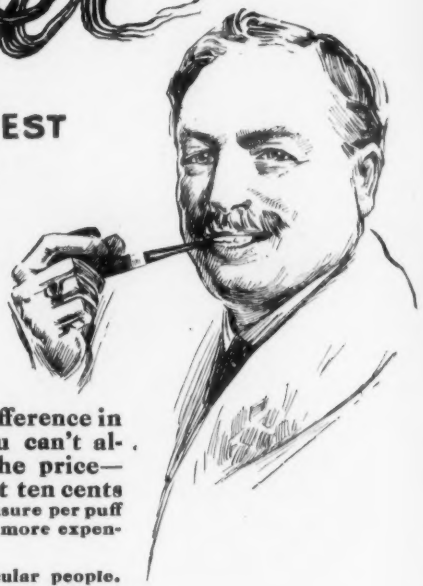
They came, after half an hour or so, to a low stretch of sand, too soft to walk in with comfort. A narrow spit ran out into the bay to a group of broad, flat rocks, and Mrs. Nevil suggested that they make themselves comfortable there. The sun was high in the heavens, but a breeze drew up the harbor from the open sea and it was not uncomfortably warm.

They settled themselves on the shelving rock, Hull flat on his back with his head against the woman's knees, his face upturned to the sky.

And they talked of the good days ten years back—the honest, cleanly days before the fall. Hull was at his best. He shook off the years as if they had been a garment. The hardness went out of his eyes, the very lines in his face seemed to have been smoothed away. He was once more the man Mrs. Nevil had known and loved—the only man in the world for her. She bent above him yearningly. The tears came to her eyes—tears of joy and of sorrow—bitter and sweet. It was a miracle come to comfort her, this perfect hour. If only the hour could last! But it

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Nothing delights baby more than to be taken everywhere mother goes. The way to do so is with an

Oriole Go-Basket

On cars and trains, into crowded streets and elevators, you can take the baby without trouble and never lift it out. Simply pull a cord and the basket rests gently on the ground, ready to stand there or be carried on the arm with wheels out of sight. Can be used as a high chair, bassinets, jumper, etc. Recommended by physicians.

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Write for it today.
The Wilbur H. Murray Mfg. Co., 642 5th Ave., Cincinnati, O.

The Tide at Morea

(Continued from page 28)

couldn't. She knew that and the smile died from her lips.

From time to time she turned her head to look landward, and at length, after the last of these glances, gave a sudden convulsive shiver. Hull, who was somnolent and blinking like a cat in the sun, roused himself so far as to say:

"Hullo, old girl! What's wrong?" He made as if to raise his head, but Mrs. Nevil pressed him down again, saying:

"It's nothing. A stitch of pain." But after a moment she bent over him and said very seriously: "Tony, this time has been too heavenly to spoil. I've been very, very happy, my dear. But I've got to spoil it by asking a question. Tell me honestly and truly—the truest that ever was—will nothing in the world—nothing but death itself—stop you from doing what you mean to do—about the Harvest Moon?"

SHE saw the man's face harden as she spoke, and she was prepared for his answer.

"Absolutely nothing! We won't talk about that, if you please. We'll just say that it doesn't concern you."

Mrs. Nevil's face was upturned to the sky and it was white and drawn. But after a moment she bent once more over the man she had loved so long and took his face between her hands and kissed him. The act had somehow a solemn air. She looked once more behind her and said:

"You may sleep if you like, Tony. I'll watch."

Hull said lazily: "All right, old girl; I believe I could, you know." His eyes closed and he slept lightly for perhaps half an hour, while Mrs. Nevil looked somberly before her and scarcely seemed to breathe. But at length she roused him, shaking him a little by the shoulders. She said in his ear:

"You must get up now, Tony, please."

And the man sighed sleepily and pushed himself up to a sitting posture. He gave, after an instant's wild staring, a great cry: "My God! We're cut off. We're trapped!" He sprang to the shoreward side of the rock, and the green water was tearing past six feet deep and swift as a mill race. No living being, not even one of the amphibious natives, could have swum in that torrent. On the outer side it was worse still. Hull turned furiously upon the woman:

"You said you'd watch! D'you see what you've done? You've got us trapped here on this beastly shelf. And the tide's not full either. We're done for! D'you understand? We're done for."

She shook her head with a pale smile. "No. Not in the sense you mean, at least. We shan't be drowned. The tides don't cover this rock. I watched yesterday." Hull turned away from her and began to shout, holding his hands to his mouth.

"It's no good calling for help," Mrs. Nevil said. "The settlement is two miles away and the wind is against you." He shouted again at the top of his lung power, and, as if in answer, there came to them down wind from the far-away harbor, out of sight round the island, a faint, hoarse blast of whistling.

Hull swung about with a yellow-white face.

"My God! What's that?"

"It's the steamer sailing," said she.

"Sailing? Sailing! Sailing without us? You're crazy. She can't go without us. And, besides, she wasn't to sail until four."

Mrs. Nevil took a long breath.

"Yes, Tony, she was to sail at twelve noon. I sent a note down to Anderson before we left the house, saying that we'd changed our minds and that he was to put our luggage ashore." Her voice faltered a little. "It was the only way."

THE red swept up over Hull's face until it was almost purple, and his arms rose, shaking with the hands clenched. Mrs. Nevil thought he was about to spring at her, and she stood with her little pale smile, waiting.

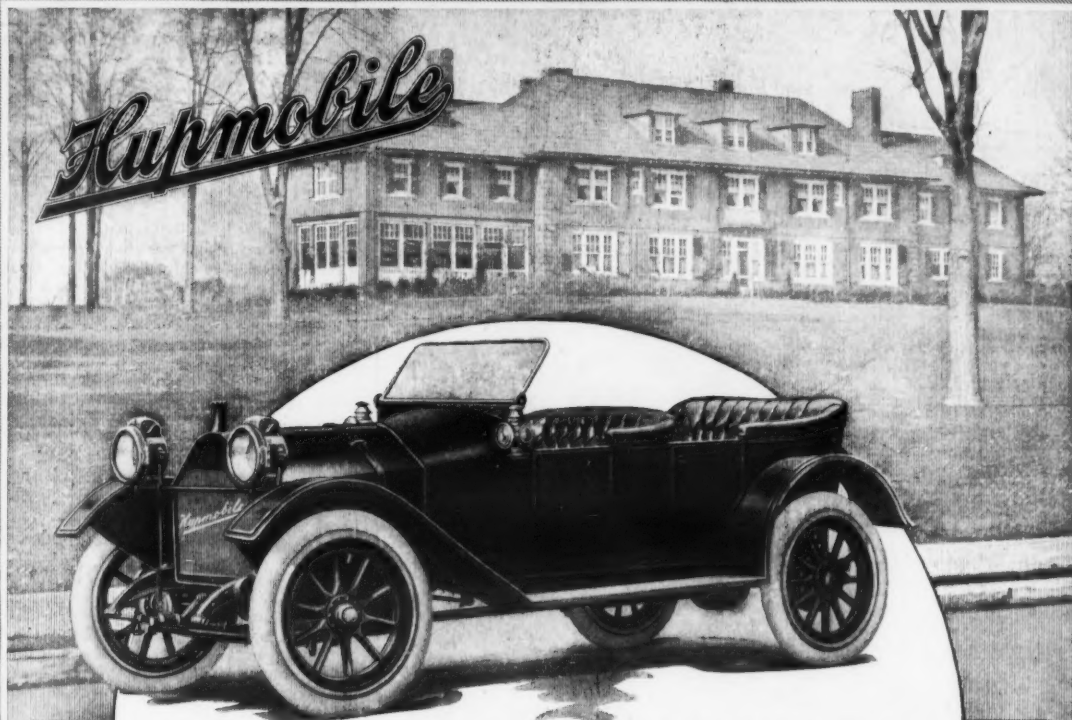
"So you've done me, have you?" he said in a thick whisper. And she said again: "Tony, it was the only way."

With an inarticulate cry Hull turned away from her, ran down to the edge of that green torrent and began once more to scream for help. He called until he was hoarse, and at the end there came again the faint, far-away whistle of the departing copra steamer that seemed to mock him in his defeat and helplessness.

He began to tremble all over and, after a moment, sank down on the rock with bent head, his back turned to Mrs. Nevil.

"I couldn't let you do it, Tony," she said presently behind him. She, too, was trembling and very white.

"You wanted to save that boy, eh?"



Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32" Five-Passenger Touring Car—\$900 F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3 1/4-inch bore and 5 1/2-inch stroke. Bosch magnets, 106-inch wheelbase, 30 x 3 1/2 inch tires. Color—Standard Hupmobile blue.

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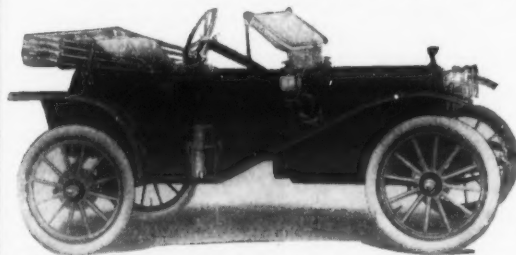
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The product of a plant which has always looked higher than its own price for inspiration—which has always sought to give the most in merit; not merely the least in price.

A result made possible by a skilled organization held intact since its inception under the leadership of E. A. Nelson, who designed the original Hupmobile; by shop-generalship of the highest order, striving continuously to surpass its own previous ideals.

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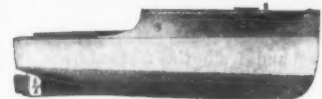
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The Tide at Morea

(Concluded from page 29)

"I couldn't see you with blood on your hands. I couldn't!"

He had nothing to say to this, but she had reached home on him, for she saw the red come over his neck and ear and averted cheek. She was wise. She said no more just then, and there was a little silence between them. They heard the river-like rush of the tide and the mewing of gulls from near by.

Hull tossed his arms in the air and covered his face. The woman heard his words as he spoke to himself—bitter, choking, hard-wrung words.

"Sold! Done for! Smashed! Back to cadging and cheating and card-sharping—the old bag of tricks! . . . No, by God! I'll finish it here and now." He struggled up to his knees, but remained so, his back still turned, his arms hanging beside him. He looked in every drooping line what he was—a beaten man.

Then Mrs. Nevil said:
"Tony, you needn't go back to all that. I've got—a little, you know. Oh, it was

come by honestly enough. A legacy. I couldn't say anything about it before because it would have looked so very, very little beside the Harvest Moon. But now—We could go to England and live, if you liked, or we could stay here in the islands and grow copra and get to be richer. That's what I'd meant to do. That's what brought me to Morea. I heard of a chance to buy some land. It's a good thing in a small way."

She moved closer to where the man knelt.

"We might be—happy, Tony, after all," she said wistfully, "you and I living quietly here where no one ever comes who—who knows anything. It—doesn't sound—so very bad, does it? It would be an easy life—restful. And I'm tired. I should like to rest. Do you think?"

Hull covered his face once more, and she waited. Then at last, without looking round, he put out a hand to her, and Mrs. Nevil caught it between hers and held it against her breast and began to cry.

Lords of the Earth

(Continued from page 21)

gomery, or Isador Cohen: "Señor Growler after Pigeons. I have a private graveyard of my own, chock-full of O'Donojús."

"You shall eat those words," roared Francisco.

"I am replete—surfeited, as it were—with pigeons," said the stranger of the flaming hair.

Francisco's pistol leaped from its holster, but a ball drove it from his hand. The second came out like a flash to meet the same fate.

"Hands up!" snarled Percy Montgomery with a hasty note in his voice. "Right about face. Forward! March!"

Francisco obeyed. The door of Ali Baba's cave was yawning before him. He hesitated, but a ball tickled his boot, and he suddenly found that it was without a heel. So he plunged into the dark depths. The heavy door slammed shut behind him, and Felipe, who had snatched the key from stupefied Señor Miranda, locked it.

Percy Montgomery, or Isador Cohen, put fresh cartridges in a pair of weapons that seemed to have come from nowhere at all, and took a fresh glass of wine. Then he yawned.

"Señor," said the posadero with admiration, "that was very pretty, but there are about forty more of Don Francisco's kindred in town to-day."

"Señor Ali Baba," returned Percy Montgomery, or Isador Cohen, "if they come to this patio, you shall have your forty thieves in your cave yonder to drink your wine."

"They always pay for what they drink," said Don Antonio philosophically, "but I commend your soul to God, señor. I fear you are not long for this world."

"I shall bring them," said Felipe cunningly, "about three at a time!"

"I think they would be safer under lock and key," said Percy. "I wish to have a quiet visit while I am here. Go ahead, Felipe—about three at a time."

THE hands were playing by the race track, the crowds were cheering, and all the world was watching the start of the Liberator Stakes when Mariana Santiuste came into the patio of Antonio Miranda's posada.

Antonio and his cohorts were there, a bit frightened and uneasy, and there was a stranger there with hair of an exotic hue who laughed uproariously, and Felipe the Wall-eyed was there, his arms full of curious blue and red sticks about a foot and a half long.

And the roar of the crowd and the blare of the band from the distant race track were blotted out by the noise of bitter and subterranean curses.

"Señorita," cried Felipe the Wall-eyed, "Mira! Look!" he whispered in her ear so that Percy Montgomery, or Isador Cohen, could not hear. "Look! Los Señores O'Donojús."

Mariana peered through a little barred window into the cellar. There, sitting on wine casks, or standing, was half a company of short-coated, tight-breeched gentry of boots and spurs who fanned their fevered brows with their wide and weighty sombreros. At the sight of her the curses stopped, and Mariana and the forty odd O'Donojús who would make love to her looked at each other. The one who would not was not there.

"On with the dance, Felipe," said the stranger of the ardent poll, "and shoot at their pants," he whispered in an aside; "that will make 'em step."

Felipe lighted two roman candles and

pointed them through the bars. Now boots and spurs will stop a ball from a roman candle; but the clinging and scanty breeches that are the mode under the tropic of Capricorn! Nay! and again nay! Nay!

So the O'Donojús danced, and Felipe snickered so that he shot not straight, and the rag-tag and bobtail of the posada snickered, and he of the flaming hair snickered, and the very walls of the posada and the wine casks and the blue sky and the dazzling sunshine snickered in a snicker, that went over the republic like the ripple of an earthquake.

BUT Señorita Santiuste did not snicker. She glowered.

She turned abruptly to Percy Montgomery, or Isador Cohen, when Felipe's last candle was gone.

"I shall marry you, señor," she said decisively.

The tamer of O'Donojús crumpled. From a devil-may-care minion of gayety he became fearful, frightened, abject, careworn. "Me?" he stammered feebly. "In God's name, señorita, why?"

"Because you have humiliated these ruffians who have persecuted me. Because you have given me my revenge on these scoundrels of O'Donojús."

"What!?" cried the stranger, "are these—all these—are they O'Donojús?"

"They are," came Francisco's voice from the cave, "and there are half a thousand more of us by the Río Arriba."

The stranger became white, and trembled now with merriment and now with another emotion.

"Madam," he said with chattering teeth, "I shall marry you if you insist. But in just one moment—just one moment—just one moment."

He had been backing to the gateway of the patio and now he ran through it precipitately, followed by marveling Felipe.

Mariana waited. Señor Miranda and his menials had vanished. The Señores O'Donojús clamored to be loosed.

There came a clatter of hoofs from outside, and in dashed Terencio, covered with dust and foam. He reared his horse back on its haunches and dropped to the ground.

"Mariana!" he shouted, and then he had her in his arms.

"Terencio, where have you been?" she gasped.

"They had me tied hand and foot," he cried. "Three of them on guard all the time. I managed to get away when they came to the fair to-day."

"Who?"

"Why, my cousins—"

TERENCIO now took heed of the clamor that shattered the air, and he peered in through the cellar window.

"God be good to me!" he gasped. "What is this?"

"Percy Montgomery, or Isador Cohen," she faltered. "He made them dance—with roman candles—and I have promised to marry him."

"I'll kill him first," said Terencio fiercely.

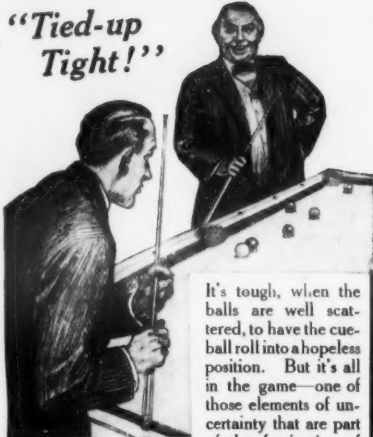
"Yes, you must kill him," agreed Mariana.

When Terencio had waited with both pistols cocked for at least two minutes, a boy came with a note to Doña Mariana. It read:

DEAR SEÑORITA—When you receive this I shall be far away. I am honored by

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Lords of the Earth

(Concluded from page 30)

your proposal, but—I have a girl of my own back in Mexico. Felipe has explained everything to me, and he and I are going to put a couple of republics betwixt ourselves and the outraged family of O'Donogh. Tell Francisco it is true that I have a graveyard full of O'Donogh's. They are my ancestors, and it is the last splinter of soil our family has left over in Ireland.

Yours, PATRICIO O'DONOGH.

THE O'Donogh's underground had listened to the reading of this in absolute silence. Now they roared most blood-thirstily for release.

Terencio and the Doña Mariana looked at each other dubiously.

"Let's get married first," whispered he, "and then we'll let them out."

"Yes, let's do that," whispered she.

The Battle of the Books

(Concluded from page 17)

Lot after lot passed away, to be entered on his bill, and he achieved the reputation of being one of the first dealers in rare editions in the world.

Many record prices were established at this sale. The famous "Touraine Missal," which cost Mr. Hoe only \$4,000 when he bought it from the Firmin-Didot collection, brought \$7,950 from Mr. Quaritch. A. E. Newton of Philadelphia paid \$1,450 for a first edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield," the highest price ever paid for that book, and \$425 for a copy of the "Traveler," 1765, which sold in London in 1900 for only \$18. Baer & Co. paid \$3,250 for the "Liber Sextus Decretalium" of Bonifacius VIII, which Mr. Smith had bought from the Brayton Ives sale in 1891 for \$450. Mr. Smith paid a record price also, \$575, for the first quarto edition of "The Deserted Village."

On the other hand, there were many bargains secured. Nobody could account for the low price at which Quaritch got a Ludolphus Carthusiensis of 1487. He paid only \$600, although the book has frequently sold in the thousands. Maurice Sloog got Lafontaine's "Contes et Nouvelles" (1487, 1795) for \$1,759, although it sold for \$2,200 last year. One of the best bargains in Americana was Filson's "Discovery of Kentucky," with a scarce map, obtained by Dodd & Livingston for \$1,250, and the Hamilton Palace copy of Captain John Smith's "Historie of Virginia," which sold in 1883 for \$3,025, was knocked down to Walter M. Hill for \$2,500. Claude de Lorraine's "Liber Veritatis," in three large folio volumes, went to J. O. Wright for \$130. They sold only five years ago in London for \$525. Mr. Wright explained the price by saying that New Yorkers living in flats had no room for such large editions.

Opportunities Lessen

IT will be a long while before the country has another opportunity of seeing such a collection of books, for the great libraries are numbered. With the sale of the Hoe and Huth collections, many unique books will have become forever inaccessible to collectors. What Mr. Morgan and Mr. Huntington will do with their libraries is an interesting speculation. It is to be hoped that they will be donated in some way to public use. But meanwhile the smaller collectors keep up the search for prizes. Cornelius Vanderbilt is on the hunt for books on railroads; George Plympton is out after school books of sorts. J. H. Benton of Boston collects Bibles and prayer books; Anson Phelps Stokes Americana and New England books. H. C. Folger, Jr. is continually adding to his general list of Shakespeareana, and Beverly Chew to his list of English literature. Wilberforce Ames goes for books on the American aborigines, Lambert of Philadelphia affects Thackeray, and Robert Gould Shaw of Boston has the largest collection of works on the drama. These collectors are hunting books, and the dealers are hunting the collectors. Many are their tricks to sell and buy. Not long ago one of these agents picked up at a drug store a free copy of the pamphlet of a well-known patent medicine issued by the millions, and sold it to a collector of Aborigines under the title "History of the Kickapoo Indians."

But the Hoe library sale was a more sedate affair, and added an authentic note to the pedigree of every rare item. Nobody kicked up surreptitiously under the seat and whispered "bid it up, you fool you!" but you dared not move head or hand, or the watching pages would take your motion for a bid. It is said that one thoughtless scratch of his nose cost Mr. Quaritch \$1,235!



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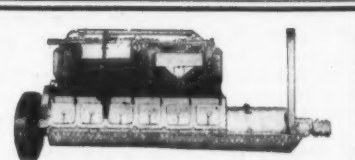
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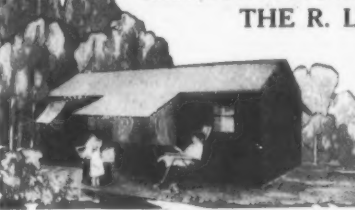
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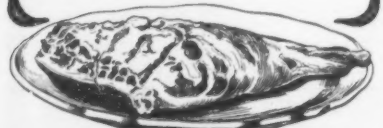
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32

Statistics of a Public Utility

The Writer States That, in Spite of Increased Expenses, Prices to the Consumer Have Not Been Raised

By EMERSON McMILLIN

UNDER the caption of "Why are Prices High?" COLLIER'S, in a recent issue, called attention to the fact that the lighting and heating business in the medium-sized cities has been acquired by syndicates, and cites the American Light and Traction Company as a typical instance.

Many of the plants owned by that holding company are named, and the prices at which gas is assumed to be sold are given. The figures are nearly correct—the errors not being material. But as the prices prevailing before the days of "inflated capital" are not presented, there appears no proof, in the case cited at least, that prices have been increased.

It is stated that "probably" the plants are bonded for their value, and "probably" the common stock of the holding company is water.

As the consuming public is interested chiefly in the question of prices it must pay for the product, and as the facts as to bonded debt and watered stock do not appear to be material to COLLIER'S, I will not take the trouble to show that neither "probably" is well founded.

The American Light and Traction Company is not a syndicate, but a lawfully and regularly organized company, and the terms of issue of its stocks are not hidden in a maze of intricate finance. That the common stock should command \$300 per share in the market, while the auxiliary companies are selling gas below the prevailing prices elsewhere, indicates a low bonded indebtedness and the reverse of watered stock.

Some months ago the writer had comparative statistics made up of one of the plants of the American Light and Traction Company, covering a period of fifteen years. The plant considered was not a large one, nor yet the smallest; all things considered, about an average size. Fifteen years ago that plant sold gas at twenty-five cents per thousand cubic feet below the price then prevailing in New York. These statistics will doubtless interest the public if COLLIER'S will publish them.

The Statistics

DURING the year 1910 the Gas Company used 71,715 tons of coal and 1,396,070 gallons of oil. The average price paid by the gas company for coal during the years 1895, 1896, and 1897 was \$2.59 per ton. For the same grade of coal during the years 1908, 1909, and 1910 the price averaged \$3.14 per ton.

During the same periods for averages, oil that formerly cost 2.24 cents per gallon, in 1910 cost 3.24 cents.

Fifteen years ago the Gas Company received an average price for all gas sold of 98.5 cents per thousand cubic feet. In 1910 the price averaged 82.32 cents. At present (1911) the average price is 77.33 cents per thousand cubic feet.

Wages increased during the fifteen years 73½ per cent. Valuation of property for taxation increased 869 per cent, though the company had added but 59 3-10 per cent to plant account during same period.

The coal merchant is receiving an advance of 21¼ per cent; the oil merchant is receiving an advance of 44¼ per cent; labor is receiving an average increase of 73½ per cent; the tax collector is receiving an increase of several hundred per cent; and the patrons of the gas plant get a reduction of 21 4-10 per cent. Apparently, public utility companies are not responsible for high prices and increased cost of living.

Pensions

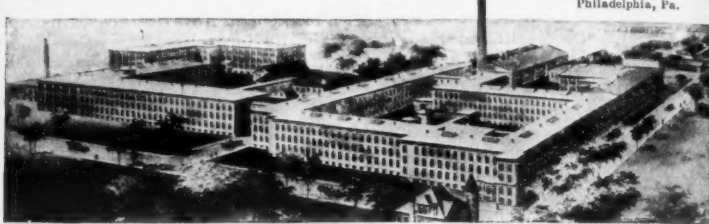
IN 1861 four brothers, simple youths of the Hoosier woodlands, believing that the Union of the States was in danger, "enlisted for three years, or during the war."

One was killed in battle, one died of sickness, two returned home after more than three years' service, "considerably the worse for wear." Enlisting at the age of seventeen and eighteen, respectively, each has been severely handicapped ever since by constitutional or "general disability" or the result of army life—active military duty.

On the Atlanta campaign, for instance, one of them lost between eighty and ninety pounds in weight as a result of living in the rain and mud, unwholesome and in-

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And each day's baking I personally sample to make sure that everything is just right. That's why **Educator Toasterettes** are so unique, so delightfully different from any other cracker. You taste them once yourself.

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St. Clair, Mich.



Pensions

(Concluded from page 32)

sufficient food, and "days of danger, nights of waking." Any educated physician will tell you that such experience, over so long a period, is never wholly recovered from.

They are convinced that they "did the State some service" at a fearful personal cost, but that the game was worth the candle, considered in a nation-wide sense.

They lost schooling at a critical age; they lost much of what makes life worth while.

The nation profits by it. Should not the nation compensate them to a reasonable extent (it could not reimburse them fully)?

What is the matter with the high public officials against whom COLLIER'S thunders? Is it that their minds have never been trained to care for the masses of the people. Likewise COLLIER'S has never learned to understand or care for justice to the ex-soldiers. The politicians cannot learn; their darkness is the penalty of their own perversity. It is a life sentence, beyond the pale of "Executive clemency."

How about COLLIER'S? Will it ever see the truth, that it is patriotism and not politics that favor a pension bill? What kind of people and how many object to pensions? And why?

COLLIER'S ought to be able to settle the question right, to say the final word.

Respectfully, **NOAH HAYES.**

Seneca, Kansas.

A New Kind of Magic

(Continued from page 10)

silhouette of the palace towers is far more suggestive, under the circumstances, than any attempt at genuine perspective could be.

Or, again, he shows the outside of the hunchback's theatre—merely a door and a flat wall with a grated window above it, but this grating is set in a square of the vivid indigo blue, and when the slave girl with her brown skin, white teeth, and flashing eyes appears behind this grating, the whole effect fairly stabs.

The scene changes and we are inside the theatre, and a story like that of "I Pagliacci" is told, compressed into a few minutes' pantomime—in the center the hunchback's tiny stage, with the eager, lamp-lit faces of his audience turned toward, instead of away from, the real audience as at the opera. To the left, in the shadow, the fickle slave girl and, presently, her lover. Here again the background is flattened and simplified down to almost solid shadow, against which the lighted faces of the mimic audience—only a handful are needed—stand out, a splash of fervid color. What you get is not an actual crowd, as at the opera, but the idea, the suggestion of a crowd—and this is characteristic of Reinhardt's methods all through. He hits the imagination instead of merely filling the eye.

A Stage Impressionist

AS an entertainment, "Sumurun" is as old as the hills rather than new—as old as the Punch and Judy show. One watches horror sweep after horror with the same sense of detachment, of childlike delight. The remote scene, the Arabian Nights spirit in which it is all conceived—with broad humor alternating with horror—partly explains this; it is partly due to the skillful speed with which one thing follows another, before you have time to think; and most of all, perhaps, to the absence of spoken words. It doesn't bother one very much if poster people do sew each other up in sacks or slash each other's heads off. And so with all its superficial violence, "Sumurun" sweeps by like a landscape—scarcely touches more than one's eyes and ears and taste for wild romance. Here is a play which is real "play," which sends one back into Broadway with the delightful sensation of having been away from New York.

Mr. Ames is to be congratulated, both on getting the play and on bringing over the German pantomimists who acted it on the other side. Pantomime can scarcely be said to be lost art here. It has never existed. All were good—especially Miss Leopoldine Constantine, as the wild-eyed, trouble-making slave girl.

ONE scarcely knows whether to congratulate or commiserate the Irish players on the disturbances which continue to greet "The Playboy of the Western World." At least, they have been brought into the day's news, and many indifferent citizens stimulated to the admirable pitch of actually buying a copy of the play. And, although it must be exasperating for tired players to be haled into court in the early morning by a bartender who knows little of Ireland and less of poetry—as happened in Philadelphia—it can scarcely



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will bring that satisfaction to you. It will make any scalp clean and healthy. It will soften and strengthen any hair.

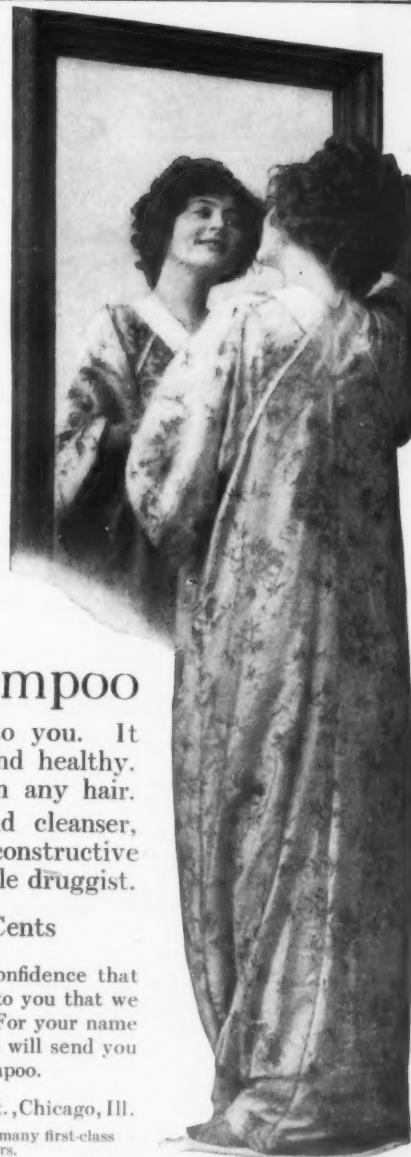
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A New Kind of Magic

(Concluded from page 33)

be said that the literary criticism of the rioters has not been in the true spirit of the Gaelic movement.

They might have stayed at home and typed their objections in the cold and joyless words with which, as the new Irish writers lament, the "modern literature of towns" is composed. Instead, they returned to nature with the play, and expressed themselves in the wild and joyful form of eggs and potatoes. There was richness, wildness, and joy on both sides of the footlights.

Mr. Shaw says somewhere that an Irishman has two eyes—with one he sees that a dream is beautiful, with the other that it is a dream. In other words, he has a keen sense of reality, but with it an intellectual detachment which permits him to play with a fanciful idea for the mere fun of playing with it. The Irishmen who have been objecting to Mr. Synge's poetry were not gifted apparently with these two eyes.

The essential purpose of his work and that of the other writers who have supported the New Irish Theatre is to get away from the conventional stage Irishman—the sentimental Bouicault type on the one hand, the vulgar buffoon with green hair on the other. The results have been at times a poetic, if somewhat windy, symbolism; at others a naturalism, harsh and rather sordid; but all along the effort has been to get back to Irish life and feeling.

Synge himself was especially interested in dialect and folklore—in speech "fully flavored as a nut or an apple"—and it is for this and its lyric quality rather than its dramatic action that "The Playboy" is valuable.

The scene is a remote, poverty-stricken little village, whose people, saturated with superstition and gossip, are peculiarly Irish, principally in their passion for eloquence, their weariness with a young man who has "no savagery or fine words in him at all."

"The Playboy of the Western World"

CHRISTY MAHON is full of them, and out of a row with an ugly father and the villagers' thirst for something thrilling, he is soon making himself a hero.

And no wonder when you hear him talk. "What call have you to be lonesome," asks Pegeen, who tends bar, "when there's poor girls walking Mayo in their thousands now?"

"It's well you know what call I have. It's a lonesome thing to be passing small towns with the lights shining sideways when the night is down, or going in strange places with a dog nosing before you and a dog nosing behind, or drawn to the cities where you'd hear a voice kissing and talking deep love in every shadow of the ditch, and you passing on with an empty, hungry stomach failing from your heart."

But the girl fears that he'll soon be leaving her for some girl in his own land. "Starting from you, is it!" says Christy. "I will not, then, and when the air is warming in four months or five, it's then yourself and me should be pacing Neifin in the dews of night, the times sweet smells do be rising, and you'd see a little shiny new moon, maybe, sinking on the hills." And so he talks on, feeling almost "a kind of pity for the Lord God of all ages sitting lonesome in his golden chair" until Pegeen cries at last, "and myself, a girl, was tempted often to go sailing the seas till I'd marry a Jewman with ten kegs of gold, and I not knowing at all there was the like of you drawing near, like the stars of God."

And then, in the middle of everything, in tramps old Mahon himself, not killed in the least, ready to take his wild young "playboy" home and thrash him. The heroic bubble breaks. The men folks are relieved—they'll have peace now with their drinks. But Pegeen, her dream shattered, is looking out the door as the curtain falls. "Oh, my grief!" she's crying, and in her voice all youth's wild regret. "I've lost the only Playboy in the Western World!"

If you take Mr. Synge's picture as a realistic generalization and assume that he approves of sons murdering their parents, there is nothing to do but hurl potatoes at the actors. If, on the other hand, you recall the circumstances under which the play was written; that it was the work of a poet saturated in peasant lore and peasant talk, trying to get away from what seemed to him the cold formalism of sophisticated art to simpler, wilder things; if you can let him take the idea of village narrowness and thirst for excitement and play with it a little—in short, if you have the Irishman's two eyes you can spend a very amusing evening at the theatre and delight your ears and fancy with a fresh sort of poetry.



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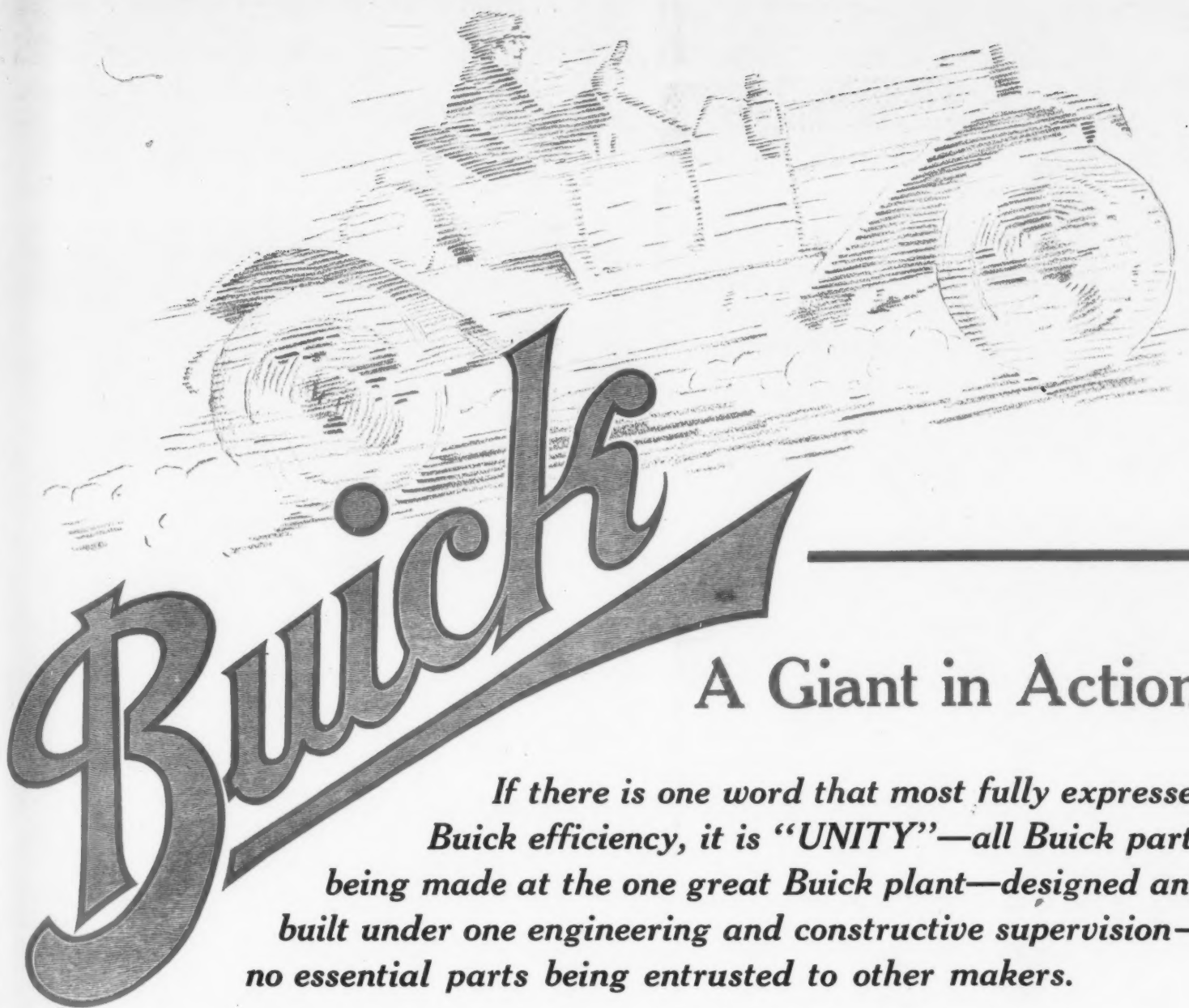
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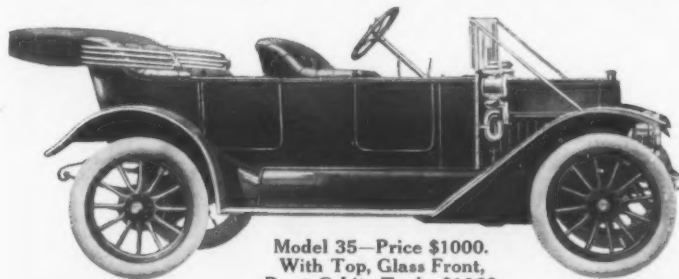
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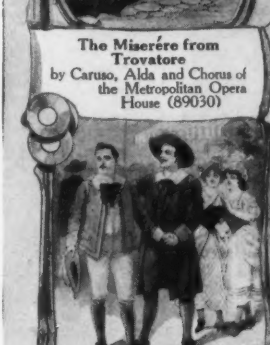
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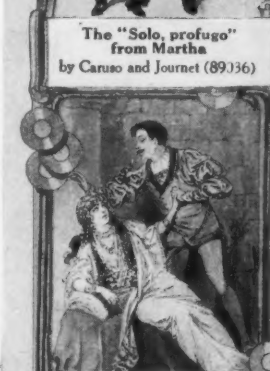
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